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WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 9, 1929.

ONE SHILLING.



#### DAUGHTER OF VISCOUNTESS CURZON: THE HON. GEORGIANA CURZON.

The Hon. Georgiana Curzon is the only daughter of the beautiful Viscountess Curzon, and of Viscount Curzon, M.P., and made her debut last year. She is the granddaughter of Earl Howe, born in 1908, and is two years older than his sister.

as Viscount Curzon is Lord Howe's only son. Lord and Lady Curzon have a son, the Hon. Edward Richard Curzon, who was

CAMERA PORTRAIT BY MARIAN LEWIS, EXCLUSIVE TO "THE SKETCH."



LANGUAGE, GENTLEMEN, PLEASE! T is an inn worthy of the village which it adorns—the jewel, I think, of all villages that I know. Being very tiny and compact, it naturally calls itself Great Such-and-Such. The inn also is tiny, and quite perfect, with its prim little parlour where you can get good brown tea, and its sanded tap-room, where you can get good beer, its settles polished by generations of corduroys, its ranks of gleaming pewters. The landlord is an almost too perfect theatrical make-up of himself; one stares fascinated at his side-whiskers, incredulous that they have been fixed there by nature and not by gum. He has done all the right things-been coachman for forty years at the great house of the place, married the

cook, and now carries on a tradition of aristocracy by conducting this inn. For it bears the name of the family which he served so long, and which his two sons are now serving. This is no "pub.," no wayside haltingplace where, as pants the hart after the waterbrooks, so pants the sharrybanger after pints and quarts. It stands far from any main road; it is no casual house of call, but a vital social institution in the life of a little community. Its respectability is almost excessive, its manners almost toocorrect.

This I was to learn the first time I entered its bar. My pipe was in one of its sulky fits. I lit it for the tenth time,

and prodded it with an unnecessarily violent little finger. Well, you know what happens on these occasions. A vindictive little cinder of tobacco got the tip of my finger—got it and kept it. I said what the occasion seemed to demand. I unburdened myself about that pipe, which had been asking for it for some time past. I became aware of the landlord's eye upon me. I followed the direction of his glance, and there, over a small glass barrel of Irish whisky, I saw a notice in bold letters: 'GENTLEMEN, LANGUAGE, PLEASE."

I was abashed. I had a feeling that I ought to have taken the shoes from off my feet before I entered that bar.

Now, I was reminded of this chastening experience the other day when reading the report of a Parliamentary debate. I suggest that there should be a notice to the same effect at all public meetings, especially political ones, at all Trade Union Congresses, and decidedly in the House of

Commons. It would hardly be necessary in the House of Lords, because, of course, they do not know any naughty words there.

Things have changed. The decencies of controversy are being lost. A century ago, one Honourable Member would refer to another Honourable Member in terms of studied politeness, for example-

Mr. Speaker, in listening to the hollow periods with which the Honourable Member for Mudslingham has just afflicted our intelligences, I was in doubt whether to marvel the more at the ineptitude of the speaker or the patience of the auditors. Sir, the Apostle has warned us of the mischievous cacophonies of tinkling cymbal and sounding brass; but I would remind

lumen ademptum. From the swine, Sir, the grunt; from nothing, nothing; and from the void where, had it not pleased God to depart from his own laws of anatomy, a brain should dwell—why, Sir, from such a void, that which is indeed without form and void.

To which the Honourable Member for Mudslingham would reply with the utmost urbanity

"Mr. Speaker, even had it been possible to extract from the eructations of the Honourable Member for Puddleditch anything except the thin echoes of outworn trope and threadbare similitude, it would be both otiose and ungenerous to add to the contempt into which he must inevitably bring himself by the mere act of allowing

his character to escape from his I cannot, lips. and I would not if I could, compete with the Honourable and Gallant Gentleman in his intimate acquaintance with the more bestial habits of the brutes that perish, but I would remind him that below the dogs and the swine, to which he has so affectionately alluded, it has pleased Heaven to place even humbler creatures - creatures, Sir, which are known to men of nice habit as vermin, and are abhorred as such: Whether they hop from meaningless phrase to shoddy fustian, or merely crawl in the grimy squalor of impotent insinuation, they are none the less vermin, and a



THE TEST QUESTION.

GOVERNESS: "So you see, dear, it is now night in Australia." PETER: "Is it last night or to-morrow night?"

DRAWN BY TREYER EVANS.

the Honourable Member for Mudslingham that there are some cymbals too cracked even to tinkle and some brass too brazen even to beguile the dust-filled eyes of besotted constituents. While I should hesitate, in this presence, to liken any Honourable Member to the lower animals, yet in observing the brutish persistence with which this gross feeder on words returned to his own flatulent truisms and windy platitudes, I could not but be reminded of the dog and of that to which the dog notoriously returns. Water, it is said, will always find its own level; and it is, perhaps, not irrelevant to remark that this law is as true of the water of the gutter as of any other befouled stream. The immortal Mantuan aptly anticipated the Honourable Member's huge, beastly, formless, and inspissated monstrosities of fallacy-impudently offered to an affronted assembly as ratiocination-when he sang of that Monstrum informe, immane, ingens, cui

decent man will crush them when they offend his person or his honour. Sir, such specks of filth are, fortunately, often too small to be worthy of notice; but should they persist in making their unclean presence felt, then, Mr. Speaker, let them be assured that a swift and summary fate will infallibly overtake them!"

And everything passed off quite nicely, except that the Honourable Member for Mudslingham and the Honourable Member for Puddleditch might meet, very politely, in the early morning and continue the discussion with the proper polite gestures.

But now? There is no politeness now.

This is the kind of thing that happens—
MR. BILL SWIPES: The man who votes for

this Bill is a fat-headed idiot, or a scabby blackleg, or both. It is only another ramp by the Government to squeeze the last drop out of the bleeding workers!

SEVERAL MEMBERS: Order! THE SPEAKER: I must ask the Honourable

[Continued on page x.



THE FORMER "WAR LORD": THE EX-KAISER
AS HE IS TO-DAY.



IN THE SUNSHINE AT MONTE CARLO: MRS. ARTHUR BENDIR, MISS BENDIR, AND MRS. PLUNKET GREENE.



OUTSIDE THE CIRCUS BUSCH, BERLIN, WHERE SHE IS "STARRING" IN A PLAY OF HER FATHER'S LIFE: MISS MARIA RASPUTIN.



A FAMOUS AUTHOR AND HIS WIFE ARRIVING AT THE PRIVATE VIEW OF THE DUTCH ART EXHIBITION: MR. AND MRS. RUDYARD KIPLING.



AT A ST. MORITZ SKI CARNIVAL: LADY PLUNKET, WITH HER SONS, THE HON. PATRICK AND THE HON. ROBIN PLUNKET; LORD PLUNKET, MR. AND MRS. PARK, AND CAPTAIN AND MRS. CUNNINGHAM REID.



AMATEUR ACTORS: THE DUCHESS OF HAMILTON, LADY M. DOUGLAS-HAMILTON, LORD M. DOUGLAS-HAMILTON, THE REV. J. ROSSIE BROWN, MISS P. BOWES-LYON, MISS S. POORE, MISS B. FOX, M. BALLAY, AND MISS TOWERS, THE STAGE MANAGER.

Berlin,
Doorn,
Capetown,
Monte
Carlo,
Hamilton:
Pictorial
News.



ZULU WELCOMES HIS ROYAL MISTRESS BACK TO CAPETOWN: H.R.H. PRINCESS ALICE COUNTESS OF ATHLONE.

The ex-Kaiser continues to lead his retired life at Doorn, and looks most unlike the "War Lord" of past days.—Society is assembling on the Riviera, to enjoy winter sunshine.—Miss Maria Rasputin, daughter of the much-discussed Rasputin, is featured in a play dealing with the life of her father, at the Circus Busch, Berlin.—Mr. and Mrs. Rudyard Kipling attended the Private View of the Dutch Pictures at the Royal Academy.—Lord and Lady Plunket and their little boys are among the many visitors to St. Moritz.—The Duchess of Hamilton and members of her family

are taking part in a production of "The Duke of Killiecrankie" in Glasgow and Hamilton this week in aid of the Distressed Miners. Lady Margaret Douglas-Hamilton is the Duchess's younger girl, and Lord Malcolm and Lord David Douglas-Hamilton are her third and fourth sons. Miss Betty Fox is the sister of Sir Gifford Fox, and Miss Sybil Poore is a niece of the Duchess, who was formerly Miss Nina Poore.—Princess Alice Countess of Athlone and the Earl of Athlone recently returned to South Africa, where the Princess's Great Dane, Zulu, gave her a most joyful welcome.

## MARIEGOLD IN SOCIETY

Society has now scattered on its different sun-chasing expeditions, and as I open my post on dark and dreary January mornings at home I read of the delights of Switzerland and the gaieties of the Riviera with envy in my heart! A letter from St. Moritz brings me the news that it is fuller than ever this year, but that Germans, Dutch, French, and Italians seem

Rink. Lady Deterding is the happy possessor of some beautiful jewels which everyone regards with deep admiration—and possibly envy.

St. Moritz is, unfortunately, moving somewhat too rapidly with the times. It is true that one realises very soon that the electric loud-speaker gramophone is a great

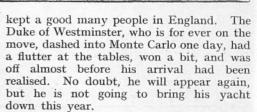
improvement on the lazy band on the rink; but even the most up-to-date feel that coupés and saloon cars, with clanking chains on the wheels, tearing along the roads and rousing the mountain echoes, are not exactly an advance in beauty; while the German youths who ski with their torsos completely exposed to view may be gaining health and strength through the sun's reviving rays, but they are not exactly lovely in themselves.

But to return to celebrities at St. Moritz. They include the newly married Vivian Cornelius pair (she was formerly Lady Northesk), and Señorita de Alvarez. Most of the Suvretta House visitors come down to the Palace in the evening, as, in addition to the usual restaurant, this hotel is equipped with a special supper-room called "The Embassy," where there is dancing nightly. Two of the earliest of the famous folk to arrive were Mr. Michael Arlen and his beautiful, dark haired young wife, who was formerly Countess Atalanta Mercati. They were

in Paris on their way to Switzerland, and arrived for Christmas. Mr. Arlen is a good ski-er, but he is not entirely on pleasure bent, as he devotes his afternoons to the composition of his new novel. Another habituée of the Palace who has just arrived is Mrs. Hubert Martineau, who always entertains so lavishly; and the theatri-cal celebrities in "winter-sportsland" include Rosie Dolly, now Mrs. Davis; while Pola Negri was an expected visitor, and Miss Norma Talmadge came up to St. Moritz just before Christmas.

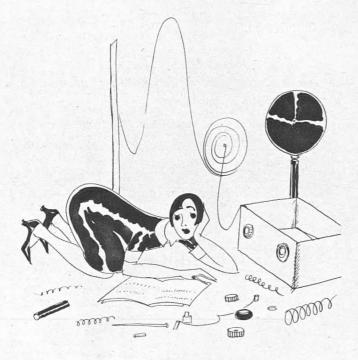
Things are only just getting into their swing at St. Moritz at the moment, as early January is really the "schoolboy" season. The Cresta Run has not long been open, and most of the "star performers" on its ice run do not appear until the middle of January.

Having heard all that my 2. The adjust correspondents have to say of St. Moritz, I can then peruse a letter from the Riviera. I hear from Monte Carlo that the season definitely began in Christmas week—rather later than usual—a fact which is probably owing to the prolonged anxiety about the King, which



The Sporting Club is, as usual, the daily rendezvous. Mrs. Alastair Mackintosh—who was formerly Miss Leila Emery, and is a sister-in-law of the Grand Duke Dimitri—was looking quite lovely in black lace the other evening there, I hear. Her pearls were well shown up by the dress, and she was playing her trente-et-quarante most seriously, with never a smile. Mr. Cole Porter has been at Monte Carlo with Mrs. Porter; and other members of her party included Mr. and Mrs. Evelyn Fitzgerald and Mr. Reginald Fellowes and his lovely wife, and Captain "Cardie" Montagu. Mr. and Mrs. Norman Holden and Miss Wanda Holden are other well-known visitors who escaped the damp chill of England during the holiday season; and one of the theatrical celebrities to be seen was Miss Elsie Janis, who opens at the Moulin Rouge in Paris this month.

Speed-boat racing is the thrill of the year this season at Monte Carlo, and among those who have Gar-wood boats and participate in the handicap races are Mrs. Reginald Fellowes, Captain P. G. Goff, and Mr. N. Kasterine, who usually has Mr. Claude Grahame-White with him.

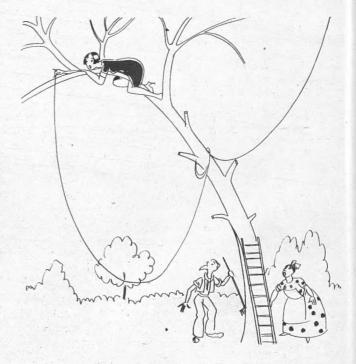


What a thrill it would be to make a really magnificent wireless set—something that had never been seen or heard before! After careful study of several books, such a "Coils and Recoils," "How to Wire Wireless," etc., Mariegold started to make a super 29-valve, 45-horse-power receiving set.

more numerous than the English and the Americans.

Lord and Lady Plunket are again at Suvretta House, and have their little sons with them. Not even the most ardent professional skiers look more business-like in their ski-ing suits than Master Patrick and Master Robin Plunket, though the latter is only three years old. Lady Plunket is very neat in her black ski-ing suit, controlled with "zip" fasteners and with the new full "Guardee" trousers. The Cunningham Reids are here with the Plunkets, and Lord Plunket and Mr. Cunningham Reid lead the male fashions in ski-ing suits with the very latest sort of zip-fastened blouse-coats instead of the usual jacket, though this year's problem at St. Moritz consists of guessing what Mr. Cunningham Reid does with the zip fastener that goes horizontally right across his back, between the shoulders. Mrs. Cunningham Reid and Lady Evelyn Guinness are among the few who still wear hats with shady brims to protect them from the glare of the sun, which, by the way, has been marvellous at St. Moritz so far. Lady Evelyn Guinness is a very graceful skater, and so is her little daughter, Grania. The former has a black-and-white jumper suit for rink wear which suits her particularly well.

Mme. Uribu is also at St. Moritz with a party which includes her slim and attractive young daughter, Mlle. Uribu, who, like Lady Plunket, reserves all her activities for ski-ing. Sir Henri and Lady Deterding are ensconced in their new villa up behind Suvretta, and are often seen on Suvretta



 The adjusting of the aerial was rather a precarious business, but Mariegold was undaunted.

Sir Pomeroy and Lady Burton are still occupying their villa at Cap Martin, as, although they are building a palatial villa near Cannes, it will not be ready till next season. Mr. Gordon Selfridge is again

trying his luck against the Greek Syndicate at Cannes, and has his daughter, Princesse Serge Wiasemsky, with him. Other notabilities about are Lord Cecil Manners, who is seen daily on the golf course; Sir Robert and Lady Hadfield, who are at their Cap Ferrat villa, which is so near that of the Duke of Connaught; and Colonel and Mrs.



3. When all was completed, Mariegold could not complain that there was insufficient volume of sound. But all came as grist to the mill of the loud-speaker, and it appeared to have no taste or discrimination whatsoever.

Jacques Balsan, who entertain a great deal at Monte Carlo restaurants and at their lovely villa on the heights of Eze.

Ireland has been particularly gay lately. Between racing, hunting, shooting, and dancing there has been little pause. Hunt balls take place nightly, that of the Kildare being the first of the season. This festivity was held at Bishopscourt, formerly the home of the Clonmells, and was an enormous success. Michael Beary, the jockey, went over, and Lord Killeen, another dashing horseman, was also there. In addition to the well-known Irish folk to be seen, Miss "Maggie" Guinness and Miss "Baby" Jungman, two of the ornaments of London's brightest set, were present. There was great excitement when a hunter-'chaser who finished second at Punchestown last year was led into the ball-room during the festivities with Mr. Sonny Kennedy, his owner, up. But when the hunting horn sounded, the noble animal forgot itself and lashed out vigorously with its hindlimbs, smashing a table, two chairs, and a barometer before it could be quietened!

Shoots in Ireland have been numerous. Lord Granard's at Castle Forbes on the banks of the Shannon, and Count John McCormack's (the famous tenor) at Moore Abbey, on the River Barrow, were the most notable. Castle Forbes is famed for its duck and woodcock, while Moore Abbey is the biggest pheasant shoot in Ireland. Count McCormack, by the way, is appearing at the Albert Hall, shortly after which he starts a concert tour of England and Scotland. Lord Headfort and Lord de Freyne have also been entertaining for the shooting.

London, however, has its compensations for stay-at-homes—even in January; and the opening of the wonderful Exhibition of Dutch Art at the Royal Academy consoled me for the lack of winter-sporting or basking in Riviera sunshine. On stepping into the galleries at Burlington House, one is transported in spirit to a richer, more vivid age than our own, through the magic of Rembrandt, Vermeer of Delft, Ter Borch, Metsu, Jan Steen, and the other famous Dutch artists, whose absolutely priceless

pictures — some lent by the Dutch Government, others by the King, the Duke of Buccleuch, and other owners of superb collections, hang for us to admire this winter. The Dutch painters have a delightfully "intimate" atmosphere, and their detailed studies of domestic scenes of their age are most engaging, and form a highly interesting history of taste and decoration, apart from their great artistic qualities.

How amusing it is to notice the change in fur-nishing and decorations during three hundred years. We, for instance, prize Oriental rugs very highly, but we walk on them; the Arabs hang them on their walls, I believe; but in Holland in the seventeenth century it was the custom to use them as table-cloths, and they were placed so as to show under a white cloth when meals were in progress. This is only one of the fascinating pieces of the History of Taste which one can learn at the Dutch Exhibition, and it is these touches which add a

personal, intimate charm to the superb pictures now on view.

The pictures were an artistic treat, but it was only by the grimmest determination that I managed to see them! Although I arrived punctually at two o'clock on Private View day, the sight of closely packed ranks of cars in the courtyard made my heart sink—with good reason, for the galleries were impassable! But though I could not see the pictures satisfactorily, I enjoyed a

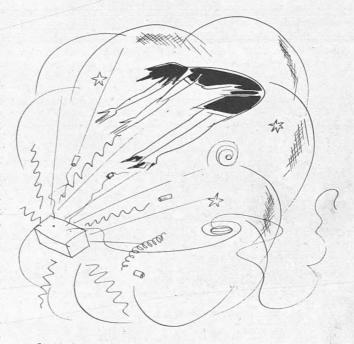
marvellous review of women's fashions from the seventeenth century and earlier (on the walls) through the nineteen hundreds, up to this Year of Grace (in the galleries), for Royal Academy Private Views not only draw the young and the smart, but dowagers wrapped in dolmans, and the highbrows with their "sim-ple life" ideas, dressed in tweeds, wearing low-heeled shoes, and exuding a breezy atmosphere that suggests the prospect of a tramp over the moors. Every variety of fur coat was also to be seenfrom the superb mink in which Lady Gort was wrapped to garments of good, hard-wearing fur: nice and warm as they flapped round the owners' ankles, hardly decorative!

Of course, Mr. George Bernard Shaw was a visitor, and so was Lady Alexander—without whom no Royal Academy Private View could be complete. Mme. Paravicini, wife of the Swiss Minister, brought her young son and daughter. She had a

velvet coat with huge cuffs and a wide border of fur, and wore a little swathed velvet turban hat. Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson had his handsome daughter, Mrs. Freeman Thomas, with him. She wore a severely cut checked tweed coat with a beaver collar, revers, and cuffs and a tiny felt hat; while Lady Victor Paget, who came with her father, Lord Colebrooke, was chic in a "skull-cap" felt hat and a dark coat with a fox collar. Mr. and Mrs. Rudyard Kipling came together, he in the top hat of Academic convention, and she in a cosy fur coat. Lord Melchett was one of the many art experts to be seen, and Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Watson were accompanied by their daughter; but with such crowds of people there, it was a case of not being able to see the wood for the trees.

The Gate Theatre Studio had a party to celebrate the first day of 1929, and many literary folk assembled there to drink tea or cocktails and admire the new decorations, for which the Marchese Malacrida is responsible. The plain hessian walls have been painted effectively with dull gold, and the pillars are successfully marbled, while the electric lights overhead shine with a pleasant glow through fabric in a way which reminded me of the ceiling cloth in an Indian bungalow. High up on the right a black silhouetted figure advances from a background of flames on to a stage of yellow, and the whole effect is simple and striking.

Actors, actresses, and authors enjoyed cocktails and salted almonds on the stage, surrounded by the kaleidoscopic colouring of McKnight Kauffer's scenery for the first act of "Fashion." I saw Mr. Arnold Bennett and Mr. Nevinson, looking very cheerful and wearing a bright pink collar. The latter arrived with his wife, she wrapped in a cosy panther-skin coat; while Mrs. Lovat Fraser, looking well in a black seal-skin coat and a tight-fitting black hat with a brilliant buckle in the front, was the centre of an animated group. Miss Cynthia Noble, with a dark-green hat, was talking to Mr. Peter Godfrey, one of the Directors of the Gate Studio, and Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Courtauld (who are always in the forefront of any movement to encourage art) and Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Courtauld were also present.—Mariegold.



4. So Mariegold turned every knob, and did everything she could think of; and then, just as she was getting the most marvellous dance band, there was a terrific explosion!!! Mariegold thinks that perhaps gramophones are more satisfactory and suitable for ordinary purposes.





MR. BEVERLEY NICHOLS. MR. BEVERLEY NICHOLS.
FOR HAVING DISCOVERED THE SECRET
OF PERPETUAL PENDRATION.
Mr. Nichols was asked to make an
eight-minutes speech for broadcasting.
He spoke for six, and a note begging him
to carry on for another eight was put
under his nose, followed by a further
appeal for a further eight.



LORD BEAVERBROOK





DR. ADRIAN C. BOULT.
FOR ADVOCATING COMMUNITY SINGING TO DISPERSE THAT MONDAY
MORNING FEELING.
Dr. Boult, conductor of the Birmingham Symphony Orchestra, said if
business offices began the week with
community singing, employers would
find Monday-morning lethargy vanish.



MR. GEORGE BLAKE MR. GEORGE BLAKE.
FOR HAVING A PARTY OF HAGGIS CONNOISSEURS AT HAMPSTEAD.
Hampstead is usually considered to be
one of the homes of the highbrows,
but it achieved a new title to fame
recently, as it was the scene of a haggis
party given by Mr. George Blake, the
novelist, for "haggis" connoisseurs.



FOR ADDING A FINISH TO THE BROADHALFPENNY DOWN CRICKET MEMO-

Down CRICKET MEMORIAL.
When Mr. J. C. Squire
took his team of "Invalids" to play a game
of winter cricket against
the Hampshire Eskimos
on Broadhalfpenny Down
as a protest against
"Soccer" pros playing
their game in August,
"Piccolo" Ned, the
Cricket mascot, posed on
the Birth of cricket memorial on the Down.



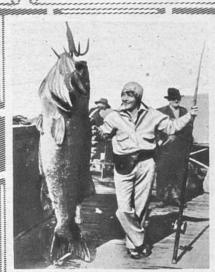


MISS CECILIA FARROW.

MISS CECILIA FARROW.

FOR BEATING ANY NOVELIST FROM HER OWN
"MURDER" EXPERIENCE.

Miss Cecilia Farrow gave remarkable evidence
at a recent inquest. She said that the dead
man tried to strangle her, and gave a detailed
account of her sensations. Thus she may be said
to have beaten any "thriller" novelist by
her real-life experience!



MISS GLADYS INGLE.

MISS GLADYS INGLE.

FOR BEING A FLYING GIRL WHO HAS HAD THE
ANGLER'S PRAYER ANSWERED.

The Angler's Prayer: "Grant that I may
catch a fish So large that even I, When speaking
of it afterward, May have no cause to lie,"
was well answered for Miss Gladys Ingle, air
woman and angler, when she killed the 218 lb.
black bass pictured above.



MISS NANCY PROCTER-GREGG.

FOR GOING INTO A CIVIL "TRANSPORT" OF
THE HIGHEST GRADE.

Miss Nancy Procter-Gregg is the first woman
to be appointed assistant principal at the Ministry
of Transport. She obtained the post by beating men candidates in open competition. This
new Civil Servant of the highest grade took
an honours degree in History at Newnham.



LADY OSSULSTON.

LADY OSSULSTON.

FOR HAVING A New METHOD FOR WASHING AND DRESSING MEN'S "BOILED" SHRTS.

Lady Ossulston, daughter-in-law of the Earl of Tankerville, has for some time been director of a laundry. She knows what she is talking about on most subjects, but is on particularly sure ground when it comes to washing, and has a new method for washing and dressing "boiled" shirts, etc., which is thoroughly sound.



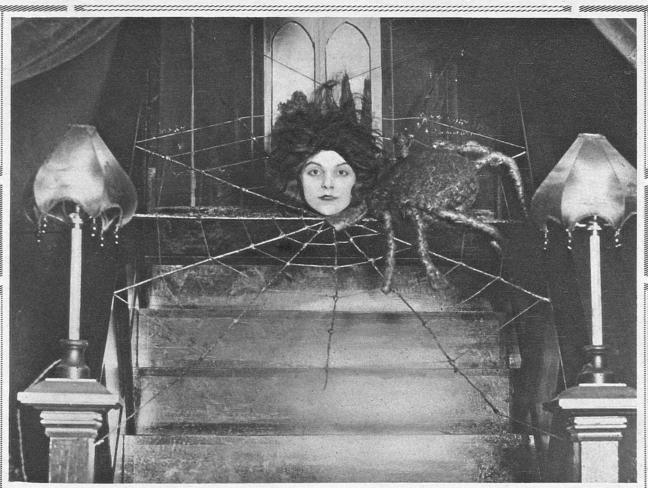
MISS MERCEDES GLEITZE.

MISS MERCEDES GLEITZE.
FOR BEING UNABLE TO MARRY TILL SHE HAS
SWUM THE IRISH CHANNEL, THE WASH, AND
THE HELLESPONT.
Miss Mercedes Gleitze has broken off her engagement to marry a young soldier because
she is unable to settle down as a wife till she
has successfully-swum the Irish Channel, the
Wash, and the Hellespont.



"HERE COME THE
BOGEY MEN!" A
SUGGESTION FOR A
NEW BALLET —
KINDLY PROVIDED
BY THE BATS AT
THE "ZOO."







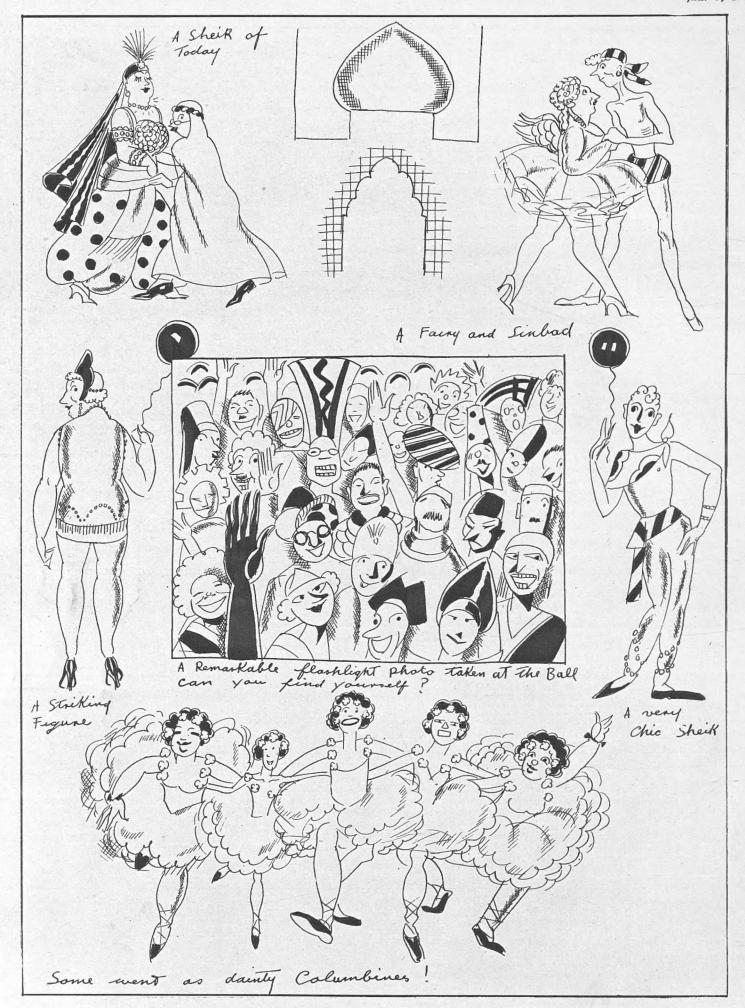
"WON'T YOU COME
INTO MY PARLOUR?":
A VERY CHARMING
SPIDER, TO BE
SEEN AT THE
BERTRAM
W. MILLS CIRCUS
AT OLYMPIA.

#### STRANGE - BUT TRUE: THE BOGEY MEN AND THE BEAUTY SPIDER.

The evolution of new ballets must task even the imagination of the most fantastic and brilliant brain; but in case the Diaghileff company are short of ideas, the bats at the "Zoo" have very kindly come forward with an excellent suggestion for a grotesque ballet, and posed in it to our photographer. The only stipulation they made was to hold their poses and arrange their groups upside down, as, of course, it is the custom of bats

to hang from the roofs of their cages. In order, however, to make their suggestion quite clear to our readers, we have turned the picture the other way up, so that the "Little Bogey Men" appear to be standing upright.—

Those who like mysteries will be intrigued by the huge spider with the head of a lovely young girl, which is on view at the Bertram W. Mills Circus at Olympia.



#### THE CHELSEA ARTS CLUB BALL: ANNA ZINKEISEN IMPRESSIONS.

DANCING THE NEW YEAR IN AT THE ALBERT HALL: SHEIKS AND CHIC COLUMBINES AND SOME OTHERS.

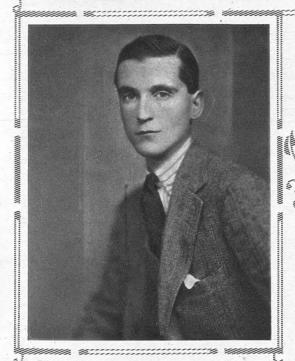
The Chelsea Arts Club Ball at the Albert Hall is one of the most famous of annual festivities. Miss Anna K. Zinkeisen, who was among the well-known people who danced the New Year in there,

set down her impressions of the gathering above, for the benefit of "Sketch" readers, and pictured some of the "Arabian Nights" and other costumes to be seen.

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE SKETCH" BY ANNA K. ZINKEISEN.



WITH HER BABY DAUGHTER, THE HON. CAROLINE JANE THYNNE: VISCOUNTESS WEYMOUTH.



THE ONLY SON OF THE MARQUESS OF BATH: VISCOUNT WEYMOUTH.

These delightful portrait studies show Viscount and Viscountess Weymouth with their baby daughter, the Hon. Caroline Jane Thynne. Lord Weymouth is the only son and heir of the Marquess of Bath, and married the Hon. Daphne Vivian, daughter of Lord Vivian, in 1927. Their infant girl, who was born last year, is pictured in her mother's arms. Lady Weymouth is one of the loveliest of the young married women in Society, and is always greatly admired. She and Lord Weymouth are seen at many important social gatherings in London, though they spend a good deal of their time at Milton Mill, near Wantage, their home in the country.





FORMERLY THE HON. DAPHNE VIVIAN: VISCOUNTESS WEYMOUTH, WITH THE HON. CAROLINE JANE THYNNE

A MARQUESS'S HEIR AND HIS FAMILY.

Photographs by Lenare.



## Are We Becoming a Nation of Ghouls?



By ANTHONY GIBBS.

FATE took me to a matinée the other afternoon. It is not often that I find myself at these entertainments, preferring my exercise in the evenings, so that I may sleep off my vapours without the necessity of facing dinner and an evening first. A free ticket was too much for me.

And as I sat me in the stalls I looked about me and wondered, in the sophisticated way of people who are not used to matinées,

who might these good folk be who had so little to do that they could arm themselves with chocolates and opera-glasses and face a headache rather than an empty afternoon. They were not only women. There were men about me, with the unmistakable expression that settles on the faces of men who like their wives. They wore an air of richness too, of solid comfort, of a certain expensive disregard of fashion. The stuffs of their clothes were admirable and their cut a little strange. The furs of the ladies were of a lustrous depth and their hats peculiar. I felt as if I had sat among foreigners, as if the Unter den Linden ran outside, or Bradshawgate, instead of the familiar Shaftesbury Avenue.

I looked and wondered if they were bloodthirsty. They did not seem so. Their cheekbones nestled behind firm flesh. Their lips showed none of that fulness which the novelists say shows sensuality, nor of that gashed thinness which indicates a sadistic

love of pain. And I decided that this was at last that rich middle class on whom we all delight to batten, the sterling folk who buy our books and our simpler pictures, who win wars and smash strikes and are such a comfort to the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

And at that moment the door of the box opened on my left and there entered three ladies, three monstrously hatted, amplebosomed divinities, three grandes dames of Suburbia, three dowagers from the Outer Darkness. With a great rustling they came, a tinkling of ornaments, and the swish of silk and little coos of polite appreciation. Magnificently they settled themselves, pausing over their chairs and hitching draperies and glancing coyly at the audience before they sat, and then throwing back their furs and unbuttoning their gloves, and leaning voluminously towards and away from one another with each remark, so that they seemed to sway in some mighty wind that passed us people of the stalls strangely by.

And when they had done that they disentangled their lorgnettes and inspected the poor persons in the arena, who trained in turn their glasses upon *them*, till goodness knows what laws of optics were involved.

So the play began. It wasn't a bad play as bad plays go. There was rather a jolly goods train clanking about behind the stage, and a quite personable young female who seemed bothered in quite an agreeable way. I suppose an hour and a half passed

seat, and broke into cold perspiration. The theatre went a little hazy. I was dimly aware of the crackling of chocolate paper, the tinkle of teacups, and the three dowagers leaning heavily in their chairs. The chloroform was overpowering. The other man felt hot. He felt unwell. I licked my lips dryly. I tottered to my feet. The first man fell to the stage in a dead faint. Perhaps he was dead. I did not wait to see. Frantically I pushed my way

past the interminable row of angry knees. For a second I beheld the dowagers, who sat clutching their bangles in an ecstasy of delight. I gained a bleak passage and stood for a moment gulping air, then made for daylight. And as I went the reek pursued me, and the cries of the signal-box survivor and the sound of bodies falling....

Now what in the world is the meaning of this absurdity? I don't know that I am peculiar. Yet I must admit to some distaste for blood, chloroform, and the other concomitants of surgery. I cannot regard it as a pleasant form of recreation to assist at a little torture with my tea, nor have the least inclination to digest my dinner in an atmosphere of dope, debauchery, and disease. The thing assumes proportions that are frightening. Are our senses so blunted that we find the feel of a knife or a red-hot iron nothing but a not unpleasant itch, or are we so maddened with the thing that we cannot exist with-

or are we'so maddened with the thing that we cannot exist without a constant dwelling of our thoughts on murder, corpses, eye-gouging, vitriol-throwing, electric chairs, and the jugular? Why this blood-letting? Count up in the paper the number of theatres that have contributed to this orgy during the year. You will find it very large. And the devil of it is they are not all obvious, The movies are as bad.

I approach an evening's entertainment now in a state of terror. I have been violently unwell on the beautiful blue staircase of the New Gallery, and revived at great length in the sumptuous lemonade bar at the Tivoli. If I go for a little gentle relaxation I find myself in the well-known surroundings of the operating theatre. Is this the war or something in the exhaust of motor-cars? Is there no manager, no syndicate, no author who will save us from this blood-bath? I cannot believe the public is so sick of laughter and a little love-making, a spot of music and good fun, that it can only be appealed to by this grim and calculated tickling of his arteries.

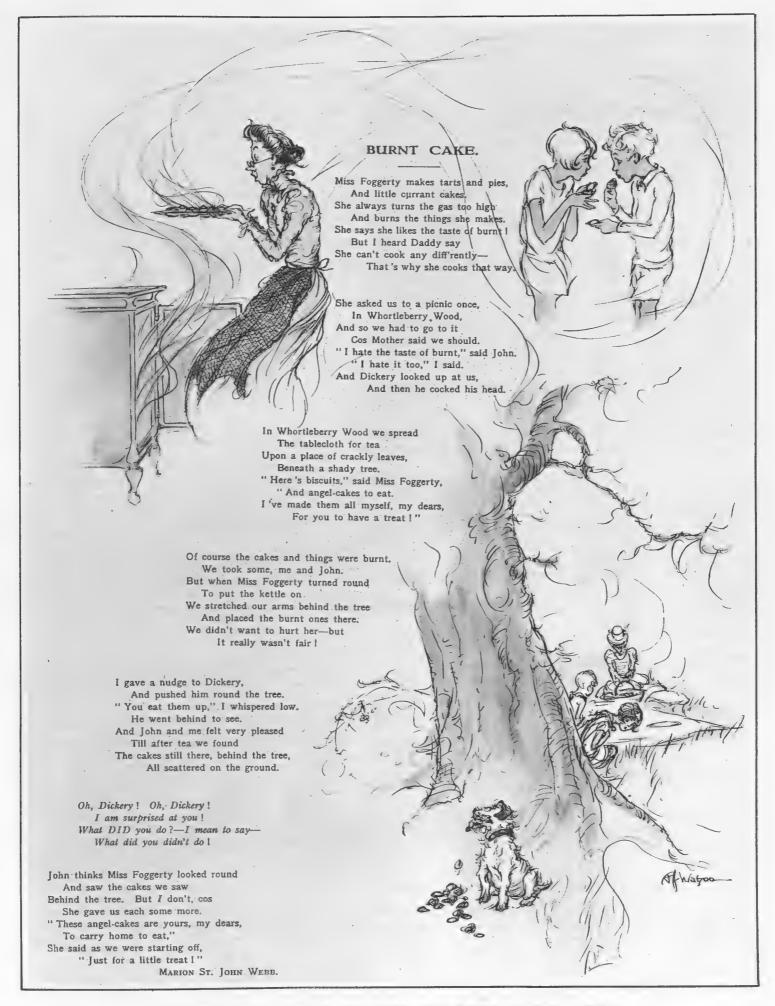


THE ANNUAL AMATEUR THEATRICALS AT CAPESTHORNE HALL: L. TO R., STANDING, CAPT. THE HON. RICHARD NORTON, HON. CHRISTOPHER LOWTHER, MR. W. BROMLEY-DAVENPORT, AND LORD BROWNLOW; IN FRONT, HON. MRS. C. LOWTHER, MRS. GUY RIDLEY, GEN. SIR W. BROMLEY-DAVENPORT, LADY KINLOCH, LADY BROWNLOW, HON. SARAH CUST, AND MR. A. KINLOCH.

General Sir William Bromley-Davenport's annual house party for an amateur theatrical production is a well-known social fixture. This year the production is "At the Villa Rose," an exciting murder drama. Lady Kinloch is Sir William Bromley-Davenport's sister, and is the mother of the Hon. Mrs. Richard Norton and of Lady Brownlow. The Hon. Mrs. Christopher Lowther was formerly Miss Dorothy Bromley-Davenport, and is a daughter of Mr. Arthur Bromley-Davenport; and the Hon. Sarah Cust, whose engagement to Mr. Edward Hoos was recently announced, is Lord Brownlow's sister.—[Photograph by T.P.A.]

and tea-trays began to be bandied about and one-and-six change for the lady over there. There was a clever representation of a signal-box upon the stage, all fitted with bells and levers and things by the Great Western Railway Company.

Then suddenly something happened. I saw the abominable contrivance, a little squirt of smoke coming from a tube, and presently the subtle aroma of chloroform began to steal over the assembly. I disbelieved and sniffed again. There was no mistaking the sharpness of that smell. The air became a little thick with it. It drifted out in a cumulous cloud over the stalls. and filtered upwards to the circles. I glanced about me nervously. I do not like the smell of chloroform. It became over-powering. There were two men in the signal-box, and one of them felt unwell. He said so. He clutched his collar and began to make unpleasant retching noises. I, too, felt unwell. The man felt hot and struggled to the window. I grasped the arms of my



#### JOHN AND ME AND THE DICKERY DOG.-XXI.

Above we give the twenty-first of our delightful series of poems specially written for us by Mrs. Marion St. John Webb, and illustrations specially made for us by Miss A. H. Watson. This week Ann is the spokeswoman, and tells how Dickery for once failed his master and mistress when they counted on him to help them through a difficult moment.



OUT FOR A STROLL: SIR GEOFFREY AND LADY WATSON AND MISS DAPHNE WATSON AT ST. MORITZ.



SKATING ON THE SUVRETTA RINK, ST. MORITZ: LADY EVELYN GUINNESS AND MISS GRANIA GUINNESS.



SKI-ING AT MÜRREN: MI DIANA KINGSMILLE



ON THE CARLTON HOTEL PROMENADE, ST. MORITZ: MR. LANDOW, SEÑORITA DE ALVAREZ, SEÑOR DE ALVAREZ, AND MLLE. ALICE NIKITINA, THE CELE-BRATED DANCER.



THE SON AND DAUGHTER OF LADY RAEBURN: MISS PATRICIA AND MASTER DIGBY RAEBURN AT MÜRREN, IN THE JUNIOR KANDAHAR SKI CHAMPIONSHIP SLALOM RACE.

#### WINTER SPORTS ONCE MORE: THE DELIGHTS OF RINK

The winter-sports season is now in full swing, and every day sees fresh arrivals at all the most popular resorts. St. Moritz, Mürren, Maloja, and other places are already crowded with celebrities from the stage, social, and political worlds, some of whom are pictured above. Sir Geoffrey Watson is the third Baronet, and Miss Watson is his only child. — Lady Evelyn Guinness is the wife of Col. the Hon. Walter Guinness, and Miss Grania Guinness is their younger girl. — Miss Kingsmill is the daughter of Admiral Sir Charles Kingsmill, formerly Director of the Canadian Naval Service. — Sir Henri Deterding, K.B.E., is equally well known in Holland and England. It will be remembered that he purchased the Vermeer picture, "The Little Street," from the famous Six Collection for £80,000, and presented it to the Amsterdam Rijks Museum. This



REWDSON AND MISS THE FT, WITH MONOCLE.



THE DONOR OF VERMEER'S "THE LITTLE STREET"
TO THE AMSTERDAM MUSEUM: SIR H. DETERDING AT ST. MORITZ, WITH LADY DETERDING



WITH THE INSTRUCTOR ON THE RINK AT ST. MORITZ: SIR SAMUEL HOARE, MINISTER FOR AIR (LEFT), AND LADY MAUD HOARE.



ON THE RINK AT MALOJA: MRS. AMERY, WIFE OF THE MINISTER FOR DOMINION AFFAIRS, AND HER SON.



A FORMER "DOLLY" AS THE MEMBER OF A BOB-SLEIGH TEAM: MRS. MORTIMER DAVIS (MISS ROSIE DOLLY) AND THE REST OF MR. D'ESTENVILLE'S TEAM.

#### AND RUN AT ST. MORITZ, MÜRREN, AND MALOJA.

picture is now on view at the Dutch Exhibition at the Royal Academy.—Lady Maud Hoare is the wife of Sir Samuel Hoare, Minister for Air, and is a half-sister of Earl Beauchamp.—Señorita de Alvarez, the Spanish lawn-tennis champion, and skating and ski-ing expert, is at St. Moritz with her father, Señor de Alvarez.—Lady Raeburn is an habituée of Mürren, and her small son and daughter are expert ski-ers.—Mrs. Amery is the wife of the Rt. Hon. L. S. Amery, Secretary of State for the Dominions. She and her husband and son are at Maloja.—The marriage of Miss Rosie Dolly, one of the famous Dolly Sisters, to Mr. Mortimer Davis took place recently. Mrs. Mortimer Davis is a bob-sleigh enthusiast.—[Photographs by Keystone, C.P.P., and S. and G.]



SHOWING THE "CARPETED" TABLE IN THE FOREGROUND: "A LADY AT THE VIRGINALS AND A GENTLEMAN," BY JOHANNES VERMEER OF DELFT—LENT BY H.M. THE KING.



WITH CURTAIN-COVERED PICTURES, A CARPETED TABLE, AND A FOOT-WARMER: "LADY, SERVANT-GIRL, AND CHILD, WITH A PARROT," BY PIETER DE HOOCH, LENT BY THE DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH.



THE "CARPETED" DRESSING-TABLE: "A LADY AT HER TOILET," BY GERARD TER BORCH, LENT BY THE HON. MRS. CLIVE BEHRENS.



WITH THE CARPET TABLE-CLOTH PUSHED BACK: "THE LETTER,"
BY GERARD TER BORCH, LENT BY THE ROYAL PICTURE GALLERY
(MAURITSHUIS), THE HAGUE.

#### WHAT TO DO WITH YOUR SPARE CARPETS! A "MASTERLY" SUGGESTION.

One of the most fascinating ways of studying the history of taste and decoration is provided by the wonderful Exhibition of Dutch Art which opened at the Royal Academy last week. The great Dutch artists constantly painted domestic scenes, and their superb art brings us into intimate touch with the seventeenth-century Dutch bourgeoisie and nobility. For instance, did you know that in Holland in the seventeenth century

Oriental rugs and carpets were not used to walk on so much as for table-covers? This interesting little fact in connection with house decoration is illustrated by all the four beautiful interiors above. The curtain arranged across a picture in the Pieter de Hooch interior should also be noted—a wise precaution which helped to preserve many a masterpiece no doubt.

From the Pictures by Ter Borck, Pieter de Hooch, and Vermeer of Delft, exhibited at the Dutch Exhibition at the Royal Academy.



"THE WEDDING
PARTY," BY JAN
STEEN: LENT TO
THE ROYAL
ACADEMY EXHIBITION
OF DUTCH ART
BY THE DUKE OF
WELLINGTON.

"THE OLD FOLK
SING, THE YOUNG
FOLK PIPE,"
BY JAN STEEN:
LENT TO THE
ROYAL ACADEMY
EXHIBITION OF
DUTCH ART BY THE
ROYAL PICTURE
GALLERY
(MAURITSHUIS),
THE HAGUE.



#### SEVENTEENTH & CENTURY "COCKTAIL PARTIES" IN DUTCH ART!

The superb Exhibition of Dutch Art (1450-1900) organised by the Anglo-Batavian Society as the winter show at the Royal Academy opened last week, and provides an artistic treat of the most wonderful kind, as masterpieces have been lent by the Dutch and other Governments, and also by the King, and by the owners of notable collections. The art of the Dutch painters is of the intimate domestic kind, and this highly

personal quality adds great charm to the study of the pictures, as it is possible to regard them as a record of manners and customs of the seventeenth century, as well as works of art. Above we give two scenes by Jan Steen (1626-1679), which make amusing comparisons with present-day life. Both picture jolly drinking scenes—a good deal jollier, in fact, than the "cocktail parties" that are their modern counterpart.

From the Pictures by Jan Steen, exhibited at the Dutch Exhibition at the Royal Academy.



#### STORY. OUR SHORT





#### NOTHING IN COMMON!

By THEODORA BENSON. (Author of "Salad Days.")

CURELY a man, before taking the extreme step of leaving his young wife for ever, would have fortified himself with a decent meal. Kay, having cleared the coast by sending her servants for a treat to the theatre and her husband to the club, prepared herself a characteristically feminine repast. She was supposed to be dining with her greediest uncle in Park Lane; instead she sat down to a boiled egg, a lettuce, pineapple chunks, a doughnut, and a glass of raspberry syrup. This is the sort of thing that a woman does in a crisis when by herself, and it is one of the great arguments against

single blessedness. No man lets his wife dine habitually off doughnut. But Kay had sent her husband to the club and her servants to "The Princess of Broadway," and had announced that she was dining with old Uncle Geoffrey Cobworth, who lived for the pleasures of the table. So she rose from her little lady's supper feeling altogether as wretched as when she had sat down. What should she do now? She was all packed up and ready, and, oh, she could not face sitting down yet to compose that terrible letter! She put "Batti, batti" on the gramophone. As Elizabeth Schumann's enchanting voice shattered the silence and emphasised the loneliness, she thought with what solemn eagerness she and Alastair had chosen the gramophone together, how they had bought piles of classical records at Harrods, and how when they were together they never by any chance played anything but dance music. Oh well, playing the gramophone is one of the things you cannot do all by yourself. You need someone else in the room, if only to read a newspaper and grunt. She took "Batti, batti," off again.

Soon she must sit down and write that letter. She had already carried down her luggage, but she went up to her bed-room to make sure that she had forgotten nothing important. Yes—that new scent, "Dew-drops of Ispahan." She looked in the glass, put on her hat very carefully, and applied a few of the dewdrops to her sidewhiskers. This fortified her far more than her dinner had done. She was alluringly arrayed and subtly scented; no dowd would fare forth that night into the great unknown.

One farewell look at Alastair's dressingroom. . . . A desolating wave of sentiment swept over her, and she leant against the door, blinded with misery. The wilderness of books and papers on his writing desk! His new dressing-gown, his loathsome ukelele and his dear, abominable hair-grease! She fought back the tide of weakness and irresolution. It was succeeded by a hysterical desire to make him an apple-pie bed as a last attention. With a strangled laugh, she turned and fled downstairs.

Kay and Alastair had married for love three years ago, and even the fact that the match was intensely suitable and everyone approved had been powerless to mar such happiness as theirs. Kay thought particularly of a certain walk that they had taken one week-end shortly after the

return from the honeymooon. How thrilled they had been at that sunset sky, impossible to forget, impossible to remember. had it been like? A great lake of gold. fantastic patterns of red, like vast petals . . . the sun itself the intense heart of a rose . . . the edges of the glory fading into slate-grey . . . a trail of little pink clouds, like a bird-flight, off to the left. . . . No, she could not remember. It had gone, as happiness had gone, irretrievably. At any rate, they had walked through a great loveliness. They had started through beech-woods, a heaven of colour in the autumn, and they had come out into open country, great fields where grazed the quiet sheep. They had talked of this, of that, of everything, as they would never talk again. As they came home through the dusk, mists had risen, so that all seemed very remote and very still. And, coming home through the dusk and through the mists, they had walked as lovers do.

The thought of that past happiness filled Kay with a passionate resentment. Her lingering sentimentality was lost in anger. He had had this beautiful thing to share with her, and he had spoilt it; thrown it away. And worse, far worse, he had not minded its going: he had not even noticed. That was the hopeless thing. Their spirits were so dissimilar, so immeasurably separated and out of sympathy, that he could accept with cheerful indifference the flat second best that she loathed. Rows and bitterness she could better have forgiven. He was content to be the husband of a pretty, suitable wife, with whom he had no single point of mental or spiritual contact. Such a want of idealism shattered her. He could never have loved her truly, or he would mind now; they could never have had any real communion of soul, or it would bind them still. She must have invented it all out of her own unseeing, unquestioning love for him. So she had woken up quite lately to find herself yoked to a clod and a materialist. They had drifted inevitably, calamitously apart. Oh, if they had never been so happy it wouldn't matter so desperately that he didn't care!

Kay sat down with stormy eyes and began to write her letter. Once she had begun she wrote on and on, driven by the urge to justify and to reveal herself. Why, why, did women marry? Weren't there enough disillusions already in this life without that, the great, the final disillusion?

ALASTAIR [wrote Kay],—When you get this, I shall have gone—you will not see me ever again. I shall not smirk among your friends or do you credit any more.

You will probably think that I have gone with a man; you can think what you like—I do not care. My absence will not greatly trouble you. I was only a piece of furniture about your house. Love's a pleasant fancy, is it not, for a honeymoon?—but it would be merely ridiculous as a feature of daily life. Perhaps my going hurts your vanity? I hope not—it needn't. Plenty of married couples live apart nowadays; and, if you want to know, I have not gone with a man. But that makes it all the more final. It is no passing infatuation that takes me from your house.

You need not worry about me—I tell you this because, after all, you have never been unkind to me, and you may like to know. I am not taking anything that you gave me, but I have enough of my own. I can manage quite comfortably on my own money. I'm going to the Riviera, to start with, to Susan. We were always more like friends than sistersin-law, and Sam will love to have me, of course. I don't suppose you would for a moment, but it's no good arguing with me in any way or trying to get me back. I just couldn't live with you another minute: I stood it till I couldn't bear the sight of you. Oh, I know it's not your fault; you're as you're made.
I shouldn't have married you.

Alastair, I don't mean to be unkind, I don't mean to upbraid. I've written perhaps more nastily than I meant. I wouldn't hurt you for the world; but I don't think there's any danger of my doing that, because you know and I know that you don't care. Still it's and I know that you don't care. Still, it's only fair to you, I suppose, to try and explain why I went—and if you're not interested you can skip the rest of the letter.

Yes, you've been a faithful husband, you've been a good-tempered husband—yes, if I'd put you to the test, perhaps you'd have been an indulgent husband. You've not ill-treated me or thwarted me: you'd given me anything I asked for, I suppose. And you think that that is enough for a woman; you think that that means anything to a woman? As if I wouldn't have dispensed with it all, forgiven anything if we could have shared life as we did three years ago!

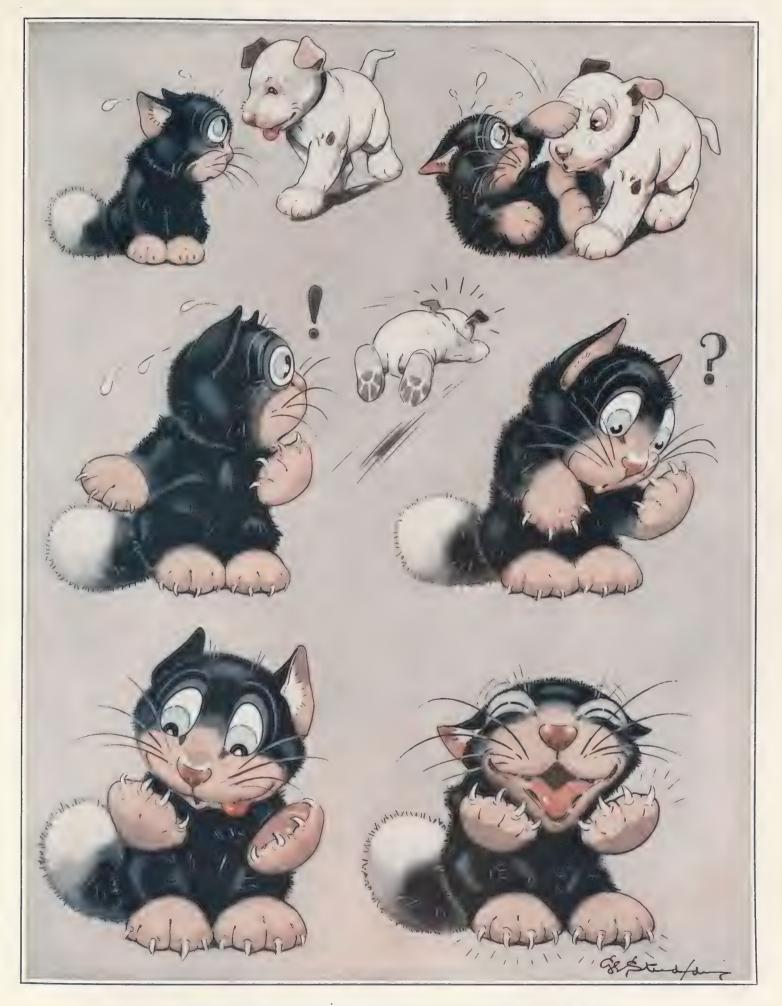
You don't understand. Of course not. I suppose we never shared life really, and never understood each other. I imagined it all, or nearly all. But you must know that things were different once, that we had the moon to play with once, and, because that is so, it is just intolerable that you should acquiesce in it all and accept this failure. So I have left you for ever lest I too should forget, and accept, and lose my soul. You see—oh, try to understand!—it would be more endurable if anything had happened, if things had gone wrong.

"'Tis not love's going hurts my days, But that it went in little ways.

We've just got nothing in common. don't mean tastes. We have got tastes We have got tastes in common, if we cared to share them any more. But we look at everything differently; we simply can't exchange ideas. a romantic fool. It's my fault really. Don't think I blame you, Alastair dear—I ought to have known you had no ideals. NO, I didn't want you to make more love to me. But just to show you what I mean about your only caring for me to do you credit. You praise me for being a good hostess, but do you ever talk to me about your work? I think I can be delicate and tactful, and perhaps I have some pride, and I never press you to-I don't bother you much. It would bore you to discuss anything that mattered with your wife. you like to talk about your work to Margaret. No, I'm not jealous. I know you don't care a rap for her. How could you—a woman who looked like that? No, I'm not catty. As a matter of fact, I think she's improved—but then, oh, how she needed it! Then, you don't care for me to have any serious tastes. Well, I'm glad to remember that I never inflicted them on you. If you saw me reading an interesting book you never cared to speak of it. And, considering that you like revues too, I can't think why you never take me to any. Lots of things we might have laughed at— Well, I'm for the Riviera, and I shall never see "You're Another!" now.

Good-bye, Alastair. I'm sure I hope you'll be happy.

[Continued on page 65.



THE GREAT DISCOVERY: GEE! SOME CLAWS!

Ooloo, the latest "Sketch" and Studdy creation, made his bow to the public last week, and now begins his adventures. He arrived as a green and innocent youngster, but it was not long before he found his—we were going to say "feet"—but, in the case of a feline débutante, it must be "claws"!

Specially Drawn for "The Sketch" by G. E. Studdy.



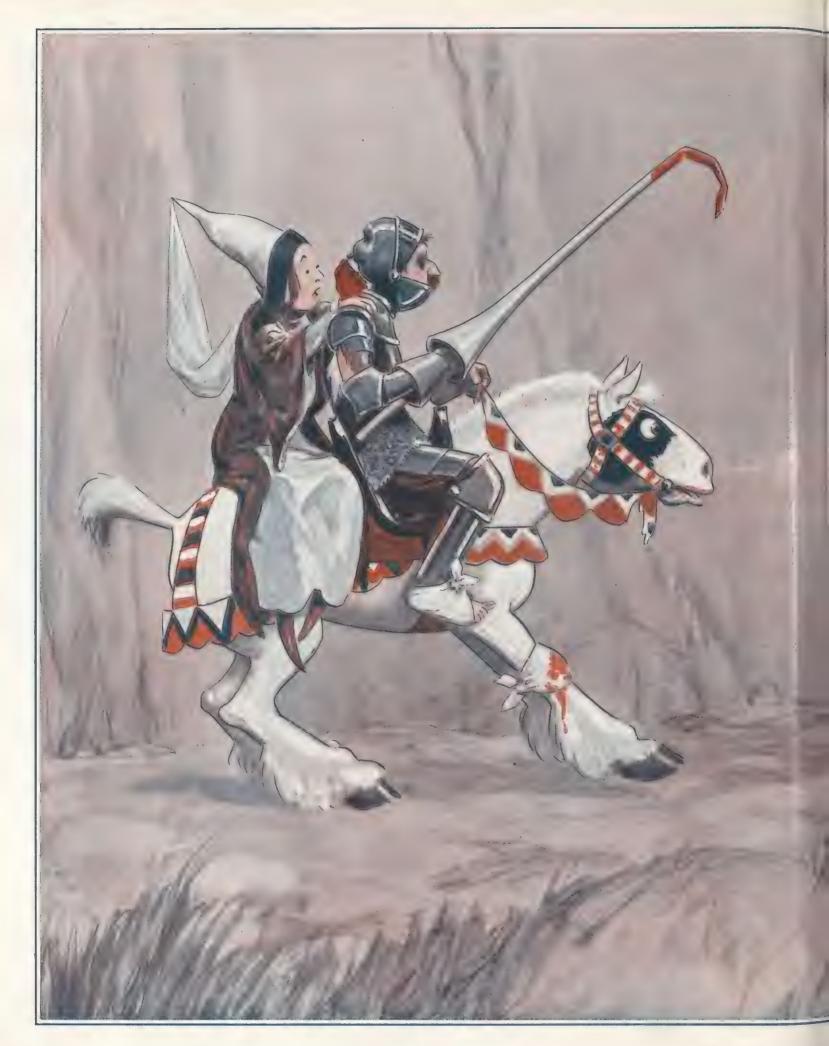
"HULLO, 1929"! THE DAWN OF THE NEW YEAR.

FROM THE PICTURE BY DORA L. SHACKELL.



MASKS OFF!

From the Picture by Suzanne Meunier.



THE E



CORE.

KETCH" BY ALFRED LEETE.



"HAPPY DREAMS, HARLEQUIN!" THE END OF THE FANCY DRESS BALL.

Youth may make merry until the small hours grow large, but there's an end of everything, and at the close of the fancy-dress ball Scaramouche, Columbine, Pantaloon and Polichinelle, the personages of the Commedia Italiana, bid Harlequin sweet repose and happy dreams.

# PLAYER'S

Plain or tipped with cork of pure natural growth

10 for 6<sup>D</sup>
20 for 11<sup>D</sup>
50 for 2/5 100 for 4/8



P. 1383

IT'S THE TOBACCO



WHAT A GAME!

"Awful — ain't it? Either we get sick looking at it, or we can't see it for hours."

Specially Drawn for "The Sketch" by Bert Thomas.

#### NOTHING IN COMMON!

(Continued from page 56.)

Kay wrote all this in the unsuspecting Alastair's own study, using the unsuspecting Alastair's own pen. She put it in an envelope, licked it up, addressed it, and propped it up against the ink-stand. Nearly time to go now, she reflected. In fact, she might as well go now, for surely it would be less unbearable to wait on the station than to linger here any more. She must telephone for a taxi. As she clutched the receiver a sudden cold feeling clutched her heart, her breathing stopped, she trembled. Someone was coming through the hall that should have been empty, a step that she . . The door opened, and her husband came in.

Kay stood staring, a hunted look in her dark eyes, one small hand clutching nervously at her long, lovely throat. She felt that she must be going chalk-white. Actually

she was not. Very little colour left her face. People do not go very red or very pale with emotion so often as books lead one to suppose. She just stood staring at Alastair, and he stood staring at her young, slim beauty, leaning dumb-

founded against the door.

"Kay," he asked her at last, "why aren't you at old Geoffrey's?"

She wandered vaguely towards him and sank into an arm-chair.

"He's been taken ill. Nothing serious, but he's gone to bed. I've just got back."
"But didn't they give you

any dinner when you'd got there?"

"Oh, they offered; but they were so fussed I came away. Er - why aren't you dining Bentworthy at

"Well, I just came back to get some papers for him. Business, you know. In fact —yes—business."

"Oh, I see. But, Alastair,

why ever are you holding your

passport?"

" Passport? Am I? Oh, of course. Bentworthy and I had a little bet about the wording. You know it's a funny thing about passportslots of people hadn't noticed . . . . Oh, well, I'll tell you to-morrow."

"Will you?" said Kay, a

little grimly.

"I wonder," Alastair answered, staring vaguely at her and advancing towards his desk. Heavens! In a moment he would see her letter. She must get away, but somehow her brain wouldn't work.

"Kay," he said suddenly, "if you turned up at Geoffrey's for dinner and were sent away, how is it that you aren't dressed? I mean, a coat and skirt—dash

"I was so busy, out so late. I tele-phoned to ask if he'd mind if I didn't dress.

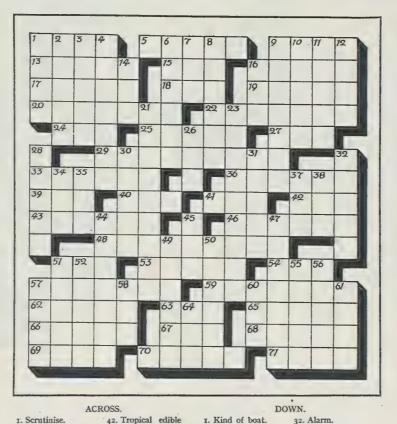
She knew that she spoke haltingly and without conviction, but he didn't seem to notice. He didn't even seem to listen. He asked her questions about things he didn't want to know. He fidgeted with books-she couldn't think why he was so untidy this evening. His tie was crooked, and his nice brown hair all rumpled and on Never again would she rumple his hair herself as once she had loved to do. How handsome he was, tall and solid, with his sticking out jaw and his short upper lip, and his deep-set, eager blue eyes! But he looked stupid to-night.

"I must go," said Kay desperately. He jumped. "Go? Where?" "My old school-friend, Evelyn Abbotson.

I'm going round to see her to-night. I've neglected her so. Telephone for a taxi for me, darling." Damn! Sa "darling" to slip out. Damn! She had not meant

#### OUR CROSS-WORD PUZZLE.

FOR the present we have decided to discontinue the giving of a prize for our Cross-Word Puzzles, but the puzzles will be given each week for the amusement of readers who like to find the solution.



I. Kind of boat.
2. Hiding place.
3. Eastern prince.
4. Most dear.
5. French superficial measure.
8. Ransom.
9. Notch.
4. Destroyers.
4. Destroyers. plant.
43. Rustic.
46. One of an audience.
48. One who sought to prolong life.
51. Interdiction. 5. Covering for shoulders. shoulders.
Kind of spade.
Picture in stone.
Metal.
Throw. 17. Immense expanse. 18. Colour. 53. Consumed. 53. Consumed.
54. Inexperienced.
57. Encourages.
59. Descriptive title.
62. By.
63. Catchword.
65. Part of a poem.
66. Cloys.
67. Sin. 9. Notch.10. Distresses 47. Vegetable alkaloid 49. Move quickly. 50. Poor. 51. Trite. 52. Ecclesiastical rite. 55. Included in. 56. Compress. 57. Parent. 58. Plant. 60. Modern. 61. Promotory. 19. Window.
20. Because.
22. Enduring
24. Prior to. 57. Encourages.
59. Descriptive title.
62. By.
63. Catchword.
65. Part of a poem.
66. Cloys.
67. Sin.
68. Means of propulsion.
68. Means of propulsion.
69. Suggests the 28. Cast out Because.
Enduring.
Prior to.
At no time.
Stupid person. 29. Opinion.
33. Where Jews congregate.
36. Intellectual. sion.
69. Suggests the
A.O.F.B. 28. Cast out.
30. Combination of ether with alcohol.
31. Musical sounds. 61. Promontory. 64. Historic ship. 30. Intellectual.
39. Attention.
40. Centre.
41. Impersonate. 70. Liquid measure. 71. A long time. Alastair looked immensely relieved.

moved to his desk and seated himself to telephone. "What's this? A letter for me? Your handwriting?"

"Never mind it now—it's nothing! Read it afterwards. Telephone for me

now!" cried Kay in agony.

But Alastair tore it open and began to read. Kay sat on, waiting, feeling absolutely limp and nerveless and incapable. She watched him almost as in a dream as he read. A sudden gust of laughter broke from him and died abruptly away. beast! The cad! She had not thought that even he would laugh. Shaking with fury, she dragged herself to her feet and

turned to go.
"Wait!" said Alastair, with such sharp authority that she subsided again, looking anxiously at the clock. He finished the letter, came over to her, felt in his pocket. "Read that!" he cried, and handed her an envelope addressed to her in his hand. She tore it open, unfolded the sheet, and read-

KAY DEAR .- It seems absurd to be leaving the time-honoured note. I tried to think of another way, but it would be too awful to tell you in person, and I always stammer in a

Kay dear, I am going away for ever. Try to forgive me. It is all my fault. I know you will not miss me in the very least, and I am leaving you the house and £1000 a year and you have your own money. You can tell the world anything you like about me. As a matter of fact, I'm going round the world—a really rough trip to blow away the cobwebs—

and then I think I can get a job in America.

There will never be another woman in my life. You must not think hardly of me. I loved you so much. I suppose women are naturally more women аге naturally materialistic, more practical and sensible than men. I had such dreams about you and me, and of course you didn't want dreams. But I made you like them for a little while, and it's because of that time that I just can't bear the life that we lead now. I can't accept this wretched two strangers under one roof business. I know you're a perfect wife to me, but I'm a temperamental fool. Well, there it is. I'm going.

I will say, you never pretend. You never take the slightest in-

terest in my work. That's natural, so I don't inflict it on you. If I catch you reading anything interesting, you shut it up at once, and me too! Revues should be harmless enough, but you snubbed me even at the suggestion of a mild binge. All that 's trivial, of course; just examples of what I mean. We 've got plenty of the same tastes, but when it comes to —well, soul is the only word for it, soul and ways of taking life—we haven't anything in common. You want to shut me out, or perhaps it's just that women don't have foolish ideals and things like men. You don't worry about what love might be, do you? you're wise, my dear.

If we'd never been happy I wouldn't mind. But I just can't bear the difference: I know it's my fault, darling; and, believe me, I'm grateful for the past. Letters to my club will find me in time, if there's anything to arrange, but I don't think there is. I wish you the best of everything always, and I'm sorry I've made such a mess of it all.—With

love as ever,

ALASTAIR.

The letter fell from her hand. Their arms were around

each other, their faces were together. She burst into tears upon his breast, and he made a series of consoling but wholly inarticulate observations. Were they happy? Yes, they were immeasurably happy, and very, very silly. At last—
"Nothing in common!" murmured Alas-

"Let's go to 'You're Another!' tomorrow," sobbed Kay. And after a further interval of fatuity she made a still better suggestion.

"I suppose," she said, "that we'd better go and unpack." And she rumpled his hair. THE END.



#### GOLF CLUBLAND CARICATURES.

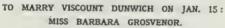
INCLUDING CAPTAINS AND SECRETARIES, PAST AND PRESENT: PERSONALITIES OF THE SHIRLEY PARK GOLF CLUB.

The Shirley Park Golf Club was founded in 1913, and its beautiful course is partly laid out on the gravelly beds of the Addington Hills, and partly on the late Lord Eldon's estate, Shirley Park. Mr. Fowler was the original architect; but since the foundation of the club, James Braid's valuable advice has added considerably to the merits of the

course. The amateur record is held by Mr. A. G. Richardson, with a score of 73, and T. Trapp's 67 is the professional record. The charm of the landscape, with its gorse, its noble, park-like green, and the variety of trees which adorn it, makes it hard to believe that the course is within a few miles of London.

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE SKETCH" BY H. F. CROWTHER-SMITH.







THE FUTURE DAUGHTER-IN-LAW OF THE EARL OF STRADBROKE:

MISS BARBARA GROSVENOR.

The marriage of Viscount Dunwich, R.N. (ret.), eldest son of the Earl and Countess of Stradbroke, to Miss Barbara Grosvenor, youngest daughter of Lord and Lady Arthur Grosvenor, is one of the many important weddings fixed for this month in London.

[Continued opposite.]



TO BE MARRIED AT ST. MARTIN-IN-THE-FIELDS ON JAN. 15: VISCOUNT DUNWICH, R.N. (RET.), AND MISS BARBARA GROSVENOR.

Continued.]
The cer

The ceremony will take place at St. Martinin-the-Fields on Tuesday, Jan. 15, and a reception will afterwards be held at 26, Belgrave Square, the London residence of the Earl and Countess of Stradbroke, the parents of the bridegroom.

THE EARL OF STRADBROKE'S ELDEST SON, AND HIS BRIDE TO BE.

Photographs by Yevonde and Lenare.



CHARLES GREVILLE GIVES EMMA INSTRUCTION ON THE WAYS OF POLITE SOCIETY:

MR. IAN KEITH AND MISS CORINNE GRIFFITH.



THE LOVELY VISITOR WITH THE PERMISSION TO PROVISION IN NAPLES: MISS CORINNE GRIFFITH AS LADY HAMILTON COMING ABOARD.



NELSON'S FAREWELL TO LADY HAMILTON BEFORE THE BATTLE
OF TRAFALGAR: MR. VICTOR VARCONI AND MISS CORINNE
GRIFFITH.



PREPARING FOR A SEA BATTLE IN NELSON'S DAY: THE BRITISH WAITING FOR THE APPEARANCE OF THE ENEMY.

"The Divine Lady," the new First National Picture featuring Miss Corinne Griffith, is a screen version of Lord Nelson's famous love affair with the lovely Emma, Lady Hamilton, and is based on the book of the same name. The story opens with Emma's love affair with Charles Greville, a young man of fashion who is charmed by the hoyden loveliness of his mother's new cook. She loves him; but Greville tires of her, and decides to get rid of her in order that he may marry an heiress, so Emma is induced to go to Naples with Sir William Hamilton, the elderly uncle of Greville. Sir William Hamilton marries the low-born beauty, and she becomes, a fine lady and moves in Court circles, meeting, among many men of note, the young Captain Horatio Nelson, who interests her deeply. Years pass, and when England is at war

## Nelson's Famous Love Story as a Screen Drama: Miss Corinne Griffith as Emma Hamilton, "The Divine Lady."



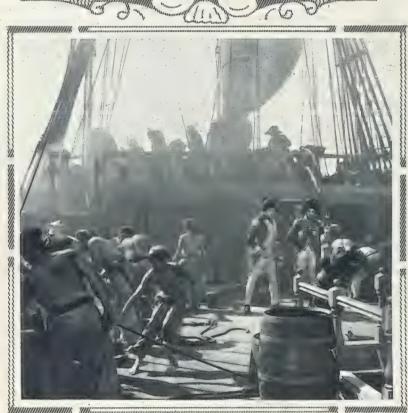
NELSON'S WOOING OF THE INCOMPARABLE EMMA: MR. VICTOR VARCONI AND MISS CORINNE GRIFFITH.



LADY HAMILTON MEETS NELSON IN THE PRESENCE OF HER HUSBAND:
L. TO R., MISS CORINNE GRIFFITH, MR. VICTOR VARCONI, AND MR. H.
B. WARNER.



COMING TO GRIPS! A SEA FIGHT IN NELSON'S DAY.



THE BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR ON THE SCREEN: THE "VICTORY" IN ACTION, WITH LORD NELSON (CENTRE) (MR. VICTOR VARCONI).

with France, the British Fleet, under the command of Admiral Nelson, is refused permission to provision at any Mediterranean port. The King of Naples refuses Lord Nelson's request to enter Naples Harbour, but Lady Hamilton approaches the Queen and obtains the authority which she, in person, takes aboard Nelson's ship. The people of Naples rise and demand that their King should ally himself with France; but at that moment the British Fleet returns, having annihilated the French at the Battle of the Nile, and when Nelson appears as a victor, he and Lady Hamilton become acknowledged lovers, and Emma leaves her husband for the Admiral's sake. The film ends with Nelson's farewell to Emma, and his death after the victory of Trafalgar with her name on his lips.



## Criticisms in Cameo. By J. T. Grein.



I.

### "THE LOVE-LORN LADY," AT WYNDHAM'S.

L ORD ANTHONY hummed and hawed about their engagement, and when Lady Anne found out that, pro tem., he was under the spell of the musical comedy star, Sybil Leslie—as fair as Melpomene, as frail as Venus, as fragrant as Cleopatra—she would teach him a lesson. She became Sybil's maid, and played the part to perfection, to the discomfiture of Lord Anthony; the astonishment of another admirer of the actress, Lord Westhaven; and the rapture of Larry Tindall, a sturdy Canadian squatter, who had come to Europe to seek a wife and had been ensnared by the blonde beauty of Sybil. Anne manœuvred things so well that Sybil became jealous of her, and at a

little supper party, when she gulped champagne not wisely but too well, made an awful scene that led to Anne's dismissal and the revelation of her real identity. That Anne, in the end, would prefer the Canadian—a real man—to her feeble ex-fiancé was foregone conclusion and a happy ending in more ways than one

Mr. Frederick Jackson, who is a deft hand at the confection of such soufflés, as Mr. Lion rightly calls them, develops this story with all the dexterity of the born man of the theatre. He is a little too voluble at times-every act would gain in effect by a ten-minutes cut: he is also a little too drastic in the scene of Sybil's intoxication, for it almost became disagreeable in its crudeness; and he nearly spoilt the last act by a tiresome and unnecessary reappearance of Sybil. But, when all these minor objections are duly chronicled, there remains a very amusing play. Miss Renée Kelly was exquisite as Anne. She has never before had a part so entirely suited to her gifts and personality. Next to hers Mr. Francis Lister's Canadian was the finest performance. He was the Colonial to the life-unsophisticated, matter-offact, with an undercurrent of a romantic spirit. Miss Olive Sloane, as the star risen from the ranks to the glamour of the foot-lights, yet a vulgar little person under the veneer of luxury, cleverly recalled the leading ladies of former J. T. G.

II.
"BEAUTY AND THE BEAST,"
AT THE LYCEUM.

OF course, at Yuletide the attitude of the critic is "Bless you, my children," and to let the scales incline towards goodwill. But, even so, there is no seasonable exaggeration in saying that this Lyceum pantomime is the most charming ever seen at this theatre. This refers not so much to the text, which is mainly cheerful doggerel à la nursery rhymes, and comic relief galore, but to the principal interpreters; to the amazing dancers, Addison and Mitrenga; and to the fairyland scenery and the beautiful colour-schemes of costumes and canvases. The Violet Way, the Valley of Dreams, the Bower of Roses, the Dream of Beauty-they are all worthy of their names. I. for one, dwelt in the marble halls of happy illusion, and not the least of my complete joy was the chorus of children's voices which greeted every change of scenery with "Oh's!" and "Ah's!" and cheers of wonderment and ecstasy.

"Beauty and the Beast" is a good story, and the Brothers Melville tell it so neatly that, in spite of all merry interruption by such funny folk as the Boganny Troupe, to say nothing of Mr. Pickles (Mr. Ernie Mayne), the jolly fat boy of the occasion, it remains coherent, and at moments dramatic. Nothing could be more gently touching than the wails of the gallant Prince transformed into an ugly beast. Miss Dorothy Seacombe, who had fascinated us all by her debonair appearance, her pleasing voice, and her unaffected ways as the wooer of Beauty, suddenly revealed an emotional power which, at any rate in a pantomime, is a rarity. Miss Jean Colin, a delightful ingénue, was a bewitching Beauty, and, with practice, may become a very good musical-comedy divette. The vocal glory of the



IN "THE PATSY," AT THE APOLLO: MISS HELEN FORD AS PATRICIA, AND MISS LEONORE SORSBY AS GRACE.

"The Patsy," by Barry Conners, is a new comedy of American life. It was recently produced at the Apollo, with Miss Helen Ford, a musical-comedy favourite on Broadway, in the name-part as Patricia Harrington, the vivacious young girl who vexes her family considerably. Miss Leonore Sorsby plays the Patsy's distinctly objectionable sister, Grace, and is pictured above having an argument with the young Patsy.—[Photograph by Stage Photo. Co.]

performance belongs to Mr. Fred Yule. His singing literally reverberated through the house. His voice has the break as well as the ring. The two plain daughters of the merchant were played with great zest by Messrs. Albert Letine and Dick Tubb.

J. T. G.

111.

#### "GLAMOUR," AT THE COURT.

THE story of this little play by Mr. Emlyn Williams is as old as the footlights, and it tells how Jack and Jill came up to London Town in search of a fortune. The enchantment of electric signs flashing in letters of fire the name of a musical-comedy star, and the glamour which seems to shine on that much-advertised beauty when these two Welsh innocents meet her in her flat over the theatre, blind them to their own love for each other. Fame and money, according to this novelette, come easily to Jill, and before the year is out she is mistress of the flat and her name flashes on the fire-sign. Jack,

however, who wanted to become a painter, "fell down and broke his crown." The happy ending comes through his disaster, for neither the luxuries nor the fame are enough to make her forsake him now that he is blind and helpless. So together they go back to the hills and love in a cottage.

The bare outline of the story is enough to show its vapidity. Yet this blend of commonplace sentiments is not nearly so barren of rewards as the plot suggests, for here and there are passages that are so well written that I am sure when Mr. Williams decides to write up to his public, and not down, as in this piece, he will do something worthy of notice. There are touches of poetry, too, and a freshness, particularly in the first act, that prove the young author to be a man of promise. He has gifts of characterisation, also, and his use of the stage shows

a command over its devices. These are the compensations which save "Glamour" from the epithet banal. J. T. G.

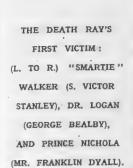
IV.

## "NO OTHER TIGER," AT THE ST. JAMES'S.

WHILE Mr. Fred Terry and Miss Julia Neilson are gloriously maintaining the secret of perennial youth in "The Scarlet Pimpernel" at the New, their son Dennis, at the St. James's, adds to his laurels as a true chip of the block. Whatever the deficiencies of the play, he manifested beyond a doubt that he stands in the front rank of the coming men. He is already a fine character-actor, and he shows the promise of becoming an emotional actor of great possibilities - so much so that I would like to see him try his hand at Zola's "Drink": he might be a Coupeau worthy to vie with the late Charles Warner. Avis au lecteur, he should consider this question, for "No Other Tiger" will not, cannot, live. For once Mr. A. E. W. Mason's skill in lifting plays from his engrossing novels has failed him. Except in the first act, which is a poignant, skilfully arranged compression of a French assize trial, the story excites little interest, in spite of the attempts at sensation. The construction is loose and blurred, we are puzzled all the time; the characters, save Clutter (the escaped

convict from Cayenne, hunting the murderers of his wife), the Burmese servant and Corinne, the dancer, are ill-drawn. There is much irrelevant talk and climaxes seem to be dragged in by the hair. There is no love-story to maintain our interest.

Those who remember the novel may be able to reconstruct the chain of events; but to those, like myself, who have no reminiscences for reference, the narrative lacks coherence, logic, and suspense. When Mr. Dennis Terry was on the stage, there was a certain tension created by a dominating personality, but much of the acting lacked spirit and conviction. Even Miss Mary Glynne, sometimes so delightful as an ingénue, did not infuse the figure of the dancer. Corinne, with the seductiveness, the flamboyancy, demanded by the part. She was all too prim, too distinguée, to make us feel the nefarious power of the woman. Mr. Dennis Terry alone was arresting, impressive-in moments of passion, en-J. T. G. trancing.









THE UNEXPECTED
VISITOR TIED UP TO
MEET HIS END BY THE
DEATH RAY: L. TO R.,
THE VISITOR (LAWRENCE
ANDERSON), DR. LOGAN
(GEORGE BEALBY),
MARY (LYDIA
SHERWOOD), AND
PRINCE NICHOLA
(FRANKLIN DYALL).

#### "DEATH RAY" THRILLS AND MURDERS: "THE LAST HOUR," AT THE COMEDY.

The latest thriller for sensation-loving Londoners is "The Last Hour," by Mr. Charles Bennett, which was recently produced at the Comedy after having made its bow to the public at Nottingham under the title of "Midnight." It presents a most exciting adventure, woven round the machinations of the wicked Prince Nichola de Kovatch, with the Haviland Death Ray, a new and most murderous discovery which his Government is eager to steal from its hiding-place near Combe Regis, in South Devon.

There are detectives, lovely maidens in distress, and many thrilling happenings, as well as successful and attempted murder, by means of the Death Ray. After having failed to use the diabolical instrument with success on the two secret service men, it is the Prince himself who is finally "put to sleep" with it, and the adventure ends very satisfactorily. Comic relief is provided by the fatuous village policeman, Garge—a Devonshire Dogberry—and his son Ben.—[Photographs by Stage Photo. Co.]



## The Literary Lounger. By Alan Kemp.



Broomstick and Stake. You deny that they rode broomsticks and trans-

formed themselves into cats and consorted with cacodæmons and cast deadly spells on the objects of their aversion? Then, if you are sceptical about these matters, you ought to be sceptical about half the history of the human race. The facts about witchcraft—are—as well attested as most historical facts. Thousands of witnesses testified to them. To dismiss all these persons as liars or lunatics would have been, three hundred years ago, not merely

absurd, but impious. Heaven had its pets on earth: then why not Hell, too? Not only was there nothing against the existence of these earthly disciples of Beelzebub, but to deny it was to strike a blow at the most elementary

theology.

The power which this belief exercised is one of the most remarkable curiosities in the history of civilisation. It is also one which should make us extremely humble about progress and the triumphs of reason. You can read all about it in thefirst volume of Lecky's "Rise of Rationalism." England probably was less infected by it than most European countries; yet in the sixteenth century we suffered from something like a "witch Elizabeth had scare." strong feelings on the subject, and appointed a special commission for the suppression of the evil. This tribunal did its work thoroughly: in 1582 seventeen women from a single village in Essex were put to death. James I. amply justified his title of "the wisest fool in Christendom" by his wonderfully futile

treatise on "Dæmonologie." The professional witch-hunter, reinforced by the Scriptural injunction, "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live," was indefatigably bloodthirsty; Mr. Buchan has given an excellent picture of the type in his "Witch Wood." Gradually it was realised that these self-appointed ministers of righteousness might also be ministers of blackmail and persecution; and they received a salutary set-back when, in 1702, one Hathaway was convicted before Chief Justice Holt as a cheat and impostor for having falsely pretended to be bewitched. There is no recorded conviction for witchcraft in England after 1712, though the numerous statutes directed against witches were not repealed until 1736. As is well known, the belief still persists in many parts of the country; and it is only a few years since a woman was convicted at Cardiff Assizes

for obtaining some hundreds of pounds from a farmer by professing to supply him with charms against cattle disease.

How account for it? Were Double, all the witnesses deliberate Double, Toil perjurers? It seems most and Trouble. improbable. The overwhelming evidence against these unhappy wretches was a simple confusion between post hoc and propter hoc. There was a woman suspected of being a witch. She probably looks like one. There were cats. There were nightmares. Somebody suffered from a wasting disease. There was a succession of unfortunate occurrences in the witch's village. Obviously she must be

to become gradually convinced, despite herself, that she was a child of perdition; and it must have happened to many women.

Evil, Be Thou My Good! It is this aspect of the psychology of witchcraft which Miss Esther Forbes exhibits so feelingly in her

Good! exhibits so feelingly in her "A Mirror for Witches." This is a book not only of imagination and pathos, but of deep penetration into the complexities of human credulity. It is the story of the notorious witch Doll Bilby, who, after an evil life, suffered an evil death in Cowan Corners, Massachusetts, in the seventeenth century. What else could be expected of this child, the offspring of a witch and a

warlock in Brittany? She saw her parents burned; and the memory of this just punishment for sin made her strange and moody and predisposed to devilry. In an ill moment, Jared Bilby took false pity on her and carried her home to Cowan Corners. Hannah Bilby instantly knew her for what she was. Who else had blasted Hannah's unborn child? Was it mere unhealthy longing, or was it diabolical possession, that caused young Titus Thumb to fall into a green sickness over this wench? though Jared Bilby himself protested with his dying breath that it was not Doll's incantations which had compassed his end, was he not merely shielding his protégée? The evidence accumulates against Doll until it is irresistible. She can no longer conceal it from herself that she must be a witch. The convincing proof is that when she turns to God to bring back Jared Bilby to life, He makes no sign; what, then, can she do but turn to her true god, the Devil?







A PUZZLE OF MARCHIONESS CURZON'S SHOOT: DID MRS. HUBERT DUGGAN WEAR LIGHT STOCKINGS, AS IN OUR FIRST PHOTOGRAPH; ONE LIGHT AND ONE DARK, AS IN OUR SECOND; OR TWO DARK STOCKINGS, AS IN OUR THIRD?

The charming Mrs. Hubert Duggan, formerly Miss Dunn, is Marchioness Curzon's daughter-in-law, as her marriage to Mr. Hubert Duggan took place not long ago. She was a guest at Hackwood recently, when Lady Curzon had a shooting-party. The camera cannot lie—at least, so one is always told—and it recorded Mrs. Duggan's costume as above. In one photograph she is wearing light stockings, in another one light and one dark, and in the third a pair of dark stockings. The explanation may be the light; or it may be that she put on two pairs, and when she got her feet wet stripped off one.

Photographs by S. and G. and Alfieri.

responsible for the mischief. The supernatural apparatus was easily supplied by a little auto-suggestion. It is never difficult to believe that you saw what all the world assumes that you saw.

Doubtless there were genuine witches. That is to say, in an age which believed intensely in a personal devil, there were evilly disposed persons who really wanted to be limbs of Satan. Equally certainly, there were those, not necessarily very evilly disposed, who thought it thrilling and important to have the reputation of being limbs of Satan. But most certainly of all, there were those who were persuaded or terrified into the genuine belief that they were witches by the sheer force of being perpetually told that they were so, and by having all their actions suspected and misconstrued. It must have been a very dreadful thing for an innocent person

L'Apprentie Sorcière.

Once she is in that state of mind, all else follows. Easily enough she sees the whole pageant of the powers of darkness.

The cold of the night, the terror of her soul, the dearth of food, the sorrow of her heart struck her into a stupor from which she could not move. Through this stupor, in steady procession, and with much pomp and circumstance, a long parade of figures, fiends, witches, warlocks, imps, beasts, familiars, satyrs, and even the beautiful chaste Diana herself moved in fleshly form: a wicked, most fantastic procession. Goblins were there with faces of cats and owls, salamanders but lately crawled from fire. Basilisks were there, serpents, vampires with bats' wings and horrid mouths swollen with blood. The pretty pink bodies of innocent babes were there, who had died unbaptised, and therefore must stand as servants in the halls of Hell, and with them were pucks and pugs.

[Continued overleaf.



COUNTESS OSTERMAN, THE MISTRESS OF THE TSAR:
MISS FLORENCE VIDOR.



COUNT PAHLEN, THE PATRIOT REGICIDE:
MR. LEWIS STONE.



THE TSAR PAUL I. LEARNS OF PAHLEN'S BETRAYAL THROUGH COUNTESS OSTERMAN: MR. EMIL JANNINGS AND MISS FLORENCE VIDOR.



THE INHUMAN LUNATIC IN ONE OF HIS TORTURING MOODS: MR. EMIL JANNINGS AS PAUL I. ABUSING A MEMBER OF HIS GUARD.



THE TSAR'S NIGHTMARE: MR. EMIL JANNINGS, AS PAUL I., DREAMING THAT HE IS BEING ASSASSINATED.

#### THE WONDERFUL "ONE WORD" FILM: JANNINGS IN "THE PATRIOT."

"The Patriot," the fine Paramount picture based on the play by Mr. Alfred Neumann, features Mr. Emil Jannings as the Tsar Paul I., the mad, inhuman monster. The screen version, which was recently produced at the Plaza, is directed by Mr. Ernest Lubitsch, and captures the atmosphere of the period with great success. Count Pahlen, it will be remembered, is the patriot whose love of his country compels him to turn regicide and kill the

demented ruler. London playgoers have been having the opportunity of seeing this historical tragedy on the stage, for "Such Men are Dangerous" is Mr. Ashley Dukes's version of the Neumann play. In the screen version an interesting and legitimate use of the talking film is made, for in the extraordinary scene of the Tsar's murder, Paul I. utters one word only—the name of the regicide, whom he has thought to be his only friend.

All up with Doll! She goes the whole gamut, even to a demon lover and his imp (being a pirate fleeing from justice and his monkey). Her crowning offence is the bedevilment of the twins, Labour and Sorrow Thumb; their colics and contortions are beyond doubt of her contriving. After that, there is no holding the hand of justice. Nothing could be fairer than the manner in which Judge Bride conducts the inquiry. He is even predisposed in favour of the girl and against the malicious gossip of rustics. But the evidence is too strong for him; and when the accused actually stumbles over the Lord's Prayer, there is no more to be said. Doll would probably—to her horror—be the first to admit the justice of the charges, so amply proved, against

It all seems monstrous to us nowadays, for we, who summon spirits to rap on our furniture and take photographs of fairies, can see through the absurdity of witchcraft; but Miss Forbes has gone beyond

There are many different moods of parody. There is, for example, mere imitation of a writer's mood and diction, or the adaptation of some well-known piece of literature to an incongruous theme. This is both the easiest and the least valuable form of parody, for it turns chiefly on ingenuity in the jeu de mot. In this manner, Mr. Knox, for the chastisement of D.O.R.A., makes a pastiche of Keats and Tennyson, and here he is least successful; nor is he very happy in his attempt at the ten-thousandth burlesque of "The Bridge of Sighs.'

Then there is the critical parody, which, by picking out a writer's real weaknesses, has the effect of "showing him up." If, for example, you read Mr. F. Anstey's parodies of Ibsen, you cannot resist the feeling that the satirist has the serious purpose of exposing clay feet to idolaters. Now I should hesitate to suggest that Mr. Knox considers Herr Feuchtwangler and Mr. Dreiser and the Sitwells to be entirely

of perpendicular. The draught blew wider but less intense. A large, warm, overpowering presence had filled the room. Tobacco forced itself upon Colet's nostrils like a half-forgotten memory, the phantasmagoria of heavy bo leather stubbed his toe. He thought hard. Somebody had come into the cabin.

He was right. It was Sinclair, the first mate.

It is not easy nowadays to "get away with " another parody of the detective story, but I think Mr. Knox does it in "The Murder at 'The Beeches.'" Macarthy's deductions are as good as most.

"I have been groping with my finger-nails for nearly three hours this morning, and I have found a lipstick and the lowest button

of a right foot spat."
"How do you know it is the lowest button?"

asked Bone.

"It is the lowest button which always comes off first," replied the huge inspector, with a selfsatisfied smirk.

"How do you know it is the right foot?" pursued the journalist.



THE BEAUTY OF THE MODERN GERMAN WOMAN: COMPETITORS FOR THE POSITION OF QUEEN OF BEAUTY ANXIOUSLY AWAITING THE RESULT.

The charming company pictured above are the competitors for the proud position of German Queen of Beauty for the year, and include some very attractive girls with slender ankles and slim

silhouettes-not at all in the Teutonic tradition! Fräulein Rodziel was the winner, and is elected German Queen of Beauty for 1928. She is a beautiful girl of the brunette type.

Photograph by Keystone View.

the superficial absurdities into the permanent human elements which underlie this kind of tragi-comedy. Her book is both original and moving, and has, besides its ingenious matter, excellent literary quality.

Having dwelt upon the follies of our forefathers (and foremothers), we may not unprofitably consider the foibles of our own contemporaries. Nobody is better at putting his finger—by which I mean his pen—upon them than Mr. E. V. Knox, a writer valued by hosts of laughter-lovers under his own baptismal name, and even more valued, perhaps, as Mr. Punch's "Evoe." We have few better parodists; and his vein of burlesque is at its best in "Here's Misery!" His victims are already numerous: and he now adds to his collection the scalps of Mr. Henry Williamson, Mr. Theodore Dreiser, Herr Feuchtwangler, Mr. H. M. Tomlinson, the Unholy Trinity (Edith, Osbert, and Sacheverell), Dean Inge, and (as a relief from the moderns), Keats and Tennyson. How inexorably Mr. Knox fastens upon the weaknesses of his chosen sacrifices, how politely but firmly leads them to the altar!

of clay; but I fancy that he does not believe in any of them very greatly. all events, he leaves us in no doubt that Mr. Dreiser's writing is often very bad writing, and that much of his detail is tedious and unilluminating; or that "The Ugly Duchess" is, to be perfectly frank, a very turgid and overwritten book; or that what the Sitwells take for cleverness is often mere silliness.

But there is another kind Their Little of parody, which may be Weaknesses. called the affectionate burlesque; a kind of benevolent exaggeration, on Mr. Chesterton's principle that we naturally make fun of the things we respect most. Just as I should hazard the guess that Evoe does not greatly admire Mr. Dreiser, so I would hazard the guess that he does admire Mr. Tomlinson. But he gets the comic aspects of "Gallion's Reach" exquisitely when, instead of "The first mate came into the cabin," he writes—

The brass knocker of the cabin became riotously alive and wrenched itself to and fro as if in spasms. A thin sliver of wind levelled the lamp-flame so that it was horizontal instead

"By logarithms," answered the other, crawling rapidly away.

We get few novels from The Land Where Bovril the Spanish, and still fewer from Latin America. Mr. Grows. Hugo Wast's "Stone Desert" therefore has the interest of novelty, in addition to its intrinsic meritswhich are high—as a work of fiction. Its scene is a cattle-breeding district in the Argentine, and it catches with notable vividness the spirit of the country as well as of the different types which inhabit it. The story is simple and straightforward in design, but has much animation and gains its strength from the striking individuality of the characters. Chief of these is the girl Marcela, who in the household of her old great-uncle, Pedro Pablo Ontiveros, makes herself the dominating personality by vigour both of body and of will, and [Continued on page x.

A Mirror for Witches. By Esther Forbes. (Heinemann; 7s. 6d.)

Here's Misery! By E. V. Knox (Evoe). (Methuen; 6s.) Stone Desert. By Hugo Wast. (Longmans; 7s. 6d.)
Desert Blades. By Estore. (Elkin Mathews and Marrot; 7s. 6d.)



AT EMBLEY PARK IN 1845: LADY HERBERT (MISS GWEN FFRANGÇON-DAVIES), SELINA BRACEBRIDGE (MISS CLARE HARRIS), FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE (MISS EDITH EVANS), AND HENRY TREMAYNE (MR. LESLIE BANKS).



AT BURLINGTON STREET IN 1861: MISS GWEN FFRANGÇON-DAVIES AS LADY HERBERT.



AT SCUTARI IN 1855: HENRY TREMAYNE (MR. LESLIE BANKS), DR. SUTHERLAND (MR. HENRY OSCAR), AND FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE (MISS EDITH EVANS).



THE INVESTITURE IN FLORENCE IN 1907: MISS EDITH EVANS
AS FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE IN HER OLD AGE.

#### FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE AS A STAGE HEROINE: "THE LADY WITH A LAMP."

Florence Nightingale is the latest great Victorian to be the leading character in a play, for in "The Lady with a Lamp," produced on Jan. 5 at the Arts Theatre of London by Mr. Leslie Banks and Miss Edith Evans, the famous pioneer of nursing is "featured." The play is by Mr. Reginald Berkeley; and Miss Edith Evans—one of the most accomplished of our actresses—plays Florence Nightingale. The production is the most ambitious

as yet attempted by the Arts Theatre, and ten performances and a matinée are being given. Although the play is based on Florence Nightingale's life, it does not claim to be a "chronicle," but is an imaginative treatment of a psychological theme—that of the asceticism of Florence Nightingale, "which bred a ruthless disregard for the disabilities of herself and other people."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY POLLARD CROWTHER, F.R.P.S., SPECIALLY TAKEN FOR "THE SKETCH."



# Gossip from the Hunting World.



A " Beaufortshire " Budget.

Not to miss a moment over a close time like Christmas Day, Master had two packs

But scent was poor, and there wasn't much doin' with either. Master and Tom were all out to nail the two hundredth fox Master and Tom were required to bring the ante-Christmas bag to that total, but they had to wait till Boxing Day, when his Grace did the trick.



THE "AFTER-THE-BALL" MEET OF THE DUMFRIES-SHIRE AT CASTLE MILK: LADY EVELYN GRAHAM, THE COMTESSE DE CARAMAN - CHIMAY, MR. JOHN DRUMMOND, AND THE COMTE DE CARAMAN-CHIMAY. The Dumfriesshire had their "after-the-ball" meet at Castle Milk, the seat of Sir Jock Buchanan-Jardine, the Master. Evelyn Graham is the eldest daughter of the Earl and Countess of Lovelace; and the Comtesse de Caraman-Chimay is the sister of Lady Buchanan-Jardine. She is the elder of Lord Ernest Hamilton's two daughters.-[Photograph by S. and G.]

What a day it was from Calcot Barn! We jumped and galloped till we could hardly sit on over one more wall for very weariness! Hounds simply streaked it-for five-andforty minutes of the living best-from Ledgemore, in the morning, ending up in that No Man's Land on the edge of the Golden Valley Stroud way, just short of the Cotswold border, where their fox got to ground. A five-mile point, and nearer ten as they ran, so it was the quickest thing that ever happened. Most of the field got left at the start, when hounds divided, and George came back into Carter's Bottom, with enough hounds to deceive the unlucky people who had not seen Master go. But the afternoon atoned to everybody and let them all well in. It was a topping hunt, over the best of the Tuesday country, ten miles of it being covered and a six-mile point made. Everyone was very sorry for young Martin Gibbs, the only son and heir of the Willie Gibbses of Barrow Court. This budding Etonian had a fall and broke his leg, having to be taken to Tetbury Cottage

The Chedglow day was another bit of day over "highly eligible country," as they say, though a leetle on the deep side since the nightly rains. Mrs. Rex Osborne and Mrs. Scott Mackirdy combined to give a party for all the young people in "Beaufortshire" Friday night, which was a good value, with hounds running well all

hilarious success, in which the "elders"as usual on these occasions-were not to be "outstayed" and "held the floor" gallantly! Much amusement was caused on this same Friday when the "Vale" all but collided with the ducal pack at Culkerton Wood, which just divided them. Quite a strong contingent chipped in with us, and looked like staying on—an inclination cruelly nipped in the bud by our Simon-

not-So-Simple, who did a rapid bit of mental arithmetic concerning twenty-five extras at three quid per head and saw a scoop. When this was gently broken to the visitors they melted away quicker than snow in summer, displaying a sudden violent loyalty to their own dear country.

Then came A Record the run of the Run. season on the now historic Rodbourne Saturday! What a chase it was! An eleven-mile point at least, and over twenty miles of tough, deep, and strongly fenced country covered! Having given the crowd a good Friday certainly thinned the Saturday push a bit, but there were quite enough people on. In the Dauntsey Vale it warmed up as a ride - and after that it became more and more thrilling. The "ford" to the brook near Wootton Bassett was as deep as a mountain is high; and after seeing Master partially submerged, but out and on, those of us who dislike nothing more than cold water "broke" back for a bridge or a road. The bravest shut

their eyes and set their teeth and took the icy plunge-with varying luck, as the bank was anything but easy to get out on, and several steeds were soon swimming in a deep pool. Still, on and on went hounds, almost to Swindon, and the kill at the

finish was one of the biggest triumphs the fox-hunting world will know this year.

#### News from Melton.

Most of the packs round here have had good sport lately, and there have been no vexatious stoppages by frost or cattle disease. The youngsters home for the Christmas holidays have been able to enjoy some hunting under favourable circumstances. The Quorn had a merry little spin on the day before Christmas from the Thorpe Spinneys, and killed their fox at Widmerpool. A Curate's Gorse fox then took the hunt over a good line of country and went to ground on the hillside below Wartnaby stone-pits. The pace was slower than it had been in the morning, but was fast enough to make jumping a necessity, and there were a good many falls before the run ended.

Boxing Day provided good The Quorn sport both for the Quorn and and Cottesmore. The for-Cottesmore. mer, meeting in Loughborough market-place, found a fox in a

spinney near the River Soar, and killed him in Mundy's Gorse. This was a firstrate hunt, and, though scent was probably only moderate, a straight running fox enabled hounds to maintain a good pace

throughout.

The Oakham annual Boxing Day meet of the Cottesmore may mean a visit to Burley and beyond, where riding to hounds is not quite as enjoyable as it is further west. However, on this occasion the day did duty for the usual -Tuesday, and it was at Orton Park Wood the fox was found. The hunt that ensued was a very fine performance, reflecting great credit on hounds and huntsman. Hounds ran fast occasionally, but, as it was with other packs, scent was catchy and uncertain. The best pace was up-wind to Withcote, and it was the hustling he got then that subsequently proved the fox's undoing. Driving him through the heart of Owston Big Wood with other foxes afoot deserves good marks for the Cottesmore hounds. Once clear of this jungle and in the open again, the fox could never get far ahead, and was killed at Knossington. at

The Quorn Friday One of the Best Days of De one of the best days they have had this season. The morning gallop, or the first part of it, from Scraptoft Gorse was a very brilliant affair, with hounds running top speed and a thrusting crowd endeavouring to keep near them. Up to the Coplow and round through Quenby Park to Ingarsby, the most hardened sinner was unable to override the pack. Following motors may then have been responsible for the check, and it is not unlikely a fresh fox went on back to Scraptoft.



OUT WITH THE LECONFIELD: MISS VIOLET MAXSE COUNTESS WINTERTON.

Miss Violet Maxse is the only daughter of Lieutenant-General Sir Ivor and Lady Maxse, and is a niece of Lord Leconfield, Master of the Leconfield. Lady Winterton is the wife of Earl Winterton, and is the daughter of the second Lord Nunburnholme.-[Photograph by S. and G.]







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### New Blood in Ladies' Golf.

By R. Endersby Howard.





Never, I think, has the Great situation in ladies' golf Opportunities. been so interesting and so flourishing as it is at the dawn of this New Year. Certainly there never have been so many young players of exceptional possibilities engaged in stern yet joyous rivalry for the position of supremacy—a position from which three reigning empresses of the

links have abdicated in rapid succession when at the very height of their glories. First, Miss Joyce Wethered retired from classic contests. At the age of twenty-three, she had won the British ladies' open championship three times and was satisfied. Miss Cecil Leitch gained her fourth victory in that event (a performance without parallel), and then followed Wethered into seclusion. Mlle. Manette Le Blan, of France, who gained the title last season, is now the wife of M. Robert de la Chaume, and it is understood that, with husband and home to occupy her attention, she proposes to leave the defence of the honour at St. Andrews next May to her sister-in-law, Mlle. Simone de la Chaume, the winner in 1927.

All these kaleido-The Pace-Maker. from the gaily coloured limelight to the black-out of voluntary hermitage have occurred within a period of three years. It is a pity that they have happened, but they have at least cleared the decks for the accommodation of a new and wondrously interesting company. It is a company which comprises striking personality as well as playing ability. Obviously, its leader at this juncture is Miss Enid Wilson, who, at the age of eighteen, holds the English native title and has been twice a semifinalist in the British champion-There are critics who say that Miss Wilson lacks something in daring and brilliancy. I think this is precisely why she succeeds, and why she looks like being the outstanding player in feminine golf. Possessing unusual physical powers (she stands nearly six feet in height and is built in proportion), she certainly hits her shots far enough, and she most certainly hits them truly enough when her

youthful temperament is equal to the occasion. When she was young (and, remember, she is now eighteen!) her fault was that she risked the daring and brilliant shots. She knew not her own strength, and would try to do with an iron what she could safely accomplish only with a wooden club. If she adheres to her present policy, and resists the promptings of those who would like to see her attempt death-or-glory shots, she will do very nicely. She has the natural capacity to play within herself, and win.

Miss Wilson is still very Circumspect young. The next five years may make a lot of Champions. difference to the moulding of destiny. Still, I am sure that all the great golfers in the history of the game have possessed her instinct for regulating ambition by discretion. Miss Wethered looks as though she could do much more that she does (and that is surely enough for most people) if she liked to let herself dash in a frenzy of inspiration at some of her shots. I suppose

THE ROYAL AND ANCIENT GAME IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY: "THE GOLF PLAYERS," BY PIETER DE HOOCH, LENT TO THE DUTCH EXHIBITION AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY GALLERIES BY THE HON. MRS. RONALD GREVILLE.

Scotland claims the Royal and Ancient game as its own pastime, but, as most people know, there were golfers in Holland three hundred years ago, for the great Dutch Masters often painted children with golf-clubs in their hands. Above we reproduce the celebrated picture, "The Golf Players," by Pieter de Hooch (1629—c. 1683), which the Hon. Mrs. Ronald Greville has lent to the Dutch Exhibition at the Royal Academy.

> she has the mental balance which tells her what is wise. Mr. Bobby Jones could most assuredly drive beyond his normal distances if he wished to do so. He elects to do it in urgent situations—as, for example, when he beat Mr. Cyril Tolley by twelve up and eleven to play in the Walker Cup match at St. Andrews two years ago, and Mr. T. P. Perkins by a hole more (thirteen and twelve) in the corresponding event at Chicago last summer. But, in

ordinary circumstances, he keeps something in reserve, so that accuracy shall not be sacrificed to the tension of excessive endeavour. The founder of this art was Harry Vardon, indisputably the greatest golfer in the days of the gutta-percha ball. His swinging was so easy as to look lazy. His one criticism of the rivals whom he beat so regularly and so ruthlessly was that they tried too hard."

Miss Gourlay's Science. It is permissible, therefore, to believe that Miss Wilson is showing the

intuition of a leader in She has some worthy rivalsnaturally a little bit older than she is, for the simple reason that she occupies something of the position of a prodigy, but not very much older. For sheer scientific shot-playing in a feminine way, I know none better than Miss Molly Gourlay, who won the French open championship of gollerthy at a time. pionship so gallantly at a time when the French players were considered supreme. Much the best thing that Miss Wilson did was to beat Miss Gourlay by one hole in the semi-final of the English championship. Then there is Miss Dorothy Pearson, who really does seem cut out to play the part of a tigress in golf if only she could bring to her aid a little more pugnacity and voracity in her struggles with her friends.

I suppose that Advancing the discovery of Players. 1928 was Mrs. Alec Gold, a slim, dainty, lithe figure who tripped into first-class golf from the cares of young motherhood, and beat such players as Mrs. Percy Garon and Miss M. Hunnewell (now Mrs. Atherton) in the county championship. Besides, Mrs. Gold achieved her full share in reaching the final of the open mixed foursomes at Worplesdon with Mr. E. Noel Layton as partner. No pair could have beaten them save Miss Wethered and Mr. J. S. F. Morrison, with the latter in his best vein of responsibility as a yokefellow. It seemed to me that Miss Phyllis Lobbett, a fine type of athletic womanhood, with as graceful a swing as mortal could wish to see, went nearer than ever to consolidating her former She had the consolapromise. tion of winning the champion-ship of Holland. And it is rational

ship of Holland. And it is rational to have great hopes of Miss Diana Fishwick, the youthful player from Broadstairs who holds the girls' championship for the second season in succession. She has improved at least eight strokes in a round since her success in 1927. That is a rate of progress which makes anything possible. Even is it the rate which modern competition demands of the apprentices to the higher walks of feminine rivalry at the



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Beauty Set," including Lipstick, Crème Rouge,
Rouge Compact, Day Cream, Night Cream, and
Face Powder, together with free booklet on Art
of Make-up.

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Cow and Gate has been
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over a quarter of a century, is conclusive evidence of the sterling
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Digestive power and general conditions may vary:

but "Cow and Gate" is always taken readily and assimilated with perfect ease, even when a child has been enfeebled by unsuitable methods. COW AND GATE Half-Cream quickly recovers the lost ground, and all further anxiety is removed. Produced in the West Country from England's richest milk by the process which preserves all the Vitamins and ensures perfect nourishment and sturdy growth.

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### A New "Turkish Bath" Method of Reducing.

OW to be slim?—that is the question in these days of shapely, fitting fashions. Selfridge's have an answer to every question of fashion and this rubber garment is an answer to the 'reducing question.

JDEAL for reducing purposes is this red rubber Garment, illustrated above, which has the effect of a Turkish Bath. The Garment need not necessarily be slept in, but can be worn with excellent results for iust a short period each day. The chest is uncovered. Adaptable to size, and 33 ins. long. PRICE

Inset, the Bolero Garment, specially designed to reduce the back of the neck. PRICE 30/-

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THIS is the golden opportunity to stock your wardrobe against all contingencies. All garments are taken from our regular stock, and the following have been reduced by 30% to 60%.

Tweed Coats and Skirts . . . . from £3

Usual price £8 8 0 to £14 14 0.

Travelling Ulsters and Raincoats . . from £3

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Pullovers and Cardigans . from 15/- to 52/6

Usual price 25/- to 84/-.

Suède and Tweed Hats ... Usual price 31/6 and 42/-.

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Usual price £8 8 0 to £12 12 0 from £6

Fur-trimmed Coats .. . . . from \$5

Usual price £8 8 0 to £16 16 0.

Cashmere Scarves ... 12/6 and 17/6 Usual price 15/- and 21/-.

Cashmere Rugs .. .. 84/- and 126/Usual price £5 5 0 and £8 8 0.

Jumper Suits . . . from 31/6

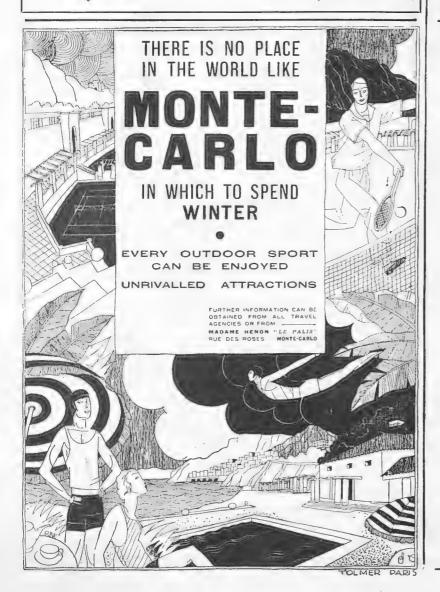
Usual price £5 5 0 to £8 8 0.

Rugger Coats (20 only) specially reduced to 52/6

Usual price £3 13 6.

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NOW PROCEEDING

> Reductions in all Departments

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PETER ROBINSON, Ltd., OXFORD ST. & REGENT ST. W.I.



WOMAN'S WAYS.

By MABEL HOWARD

Frocks, Hats, and Stockings.

There are still so many sales to cope with that women are not concerned with the new fashions yet, but with the exciting pastime of bargain - hunting. There are many prizes to be found at Gorringes, Bucking-ham Palace Road, S.W., particularly in the spheres of frocks, hats, and stockings. Amongst the evening gowns, all models have been reduced to merely nominal prices to make room for the new season's modes. The

charming frock for an older woman pictured above, in blue georgette with diamante and pearl trimming, is included. Then on the right is an evening frock with a detachable coatee, each in the fashion-

able embossed velvet trimmed with grey fur, available for 17 17s. 6d. Another collection of frocks in various materials, no two alike, are all to be sold at 5 guineas. Then in the hat department there is the early spring model above with a felt crown and speckled straw brim trimmed with petersham and small gold studs, available for 18s. 9d., while there are ribbon-straw hats at 8s. 9d. In the stocking department, for which this firm is iamous, there are some of pure silk offered at 6s. 11d. the pair, formerly ranging from 10s. 6d., 12s. 6d., and 13s. 6d.; and others which wash, wear, and look like real silk can be secured for 5s. the pair.

at Gorringes.

Coats and Spring Suits.

The sale at Dickins and Jones, Regent Street, W., is now in full swing, and amongst the many bargains to be found there is the trio of attractive items of the spring wardrobe pictured here. The coat is one of many offered at 98s, 6d., carried out in face-cloth and other materials.

An early spring hat in felt and speckled straw, which may be secured at the huge winter sale at Gorringes, Buckingham Palace Road, S.W.

trimmed with various furs. Several sizes are available. The charming tea-frock in the centre, of velvet bordered with fur, is amongst those offered at £4. The jumper suit on the right is of all-wool stockinette trimmed with tiny tucks in the latest design. It is obtainable in several colours, price 39s. 6d. Then three-piece ensembles of the same material with patterned jumper and plain cardigan coat and skirt are reduced from 6½, 7½, and 8½ guineas

to 49s. 6d. Knitted jumpers of wool and silver metal. formerly 35s. 9d., are being offered at 18s. 9d., and there are any number of Scottch fleecy wool ribbed cardigan, suitable for house . and sports wear, to be secured for 10s. 9d.: Useful house-coats trimmed. with fur are sound bargains at 21s. 9d.; and there are hard-

wearing mack-

dered with grey fur, another prize in the sale at Gorringes.

lovely evening

ensemble in em-

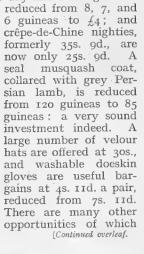
bossed velvet bor-

intoshes in artificial silk of a bright, silky texture at 21s.—very good investments indeed.

Bargains
Worth
Noting.

Sale. In the Brompton
Road, S.W., there are many
bargains which must not be
overlooked in their January
famous children's department

there are small boys' knitted wool suits, reduced from 14s. 11d. to 8s. 9d., and girls' school skirts marked down from 3os. and 17s. 6d. to 9s. 11d. Then for "grown-ups" there is a collection of fashionable day and evening frocks





A trio of fashionable toilettes to be found at greatly reduced prices during the present sale at Dickins and Jones, Regent Street, W. The coat is of face-cloth, the froch chiffon velvet, and the jumper of tucked stockinette.



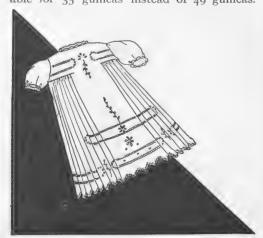
A chic little felt trimmed with small feathers spotted in gold, which is the latest mode to be found at D. H. Evans, Oxford Street. W,

space alone forbids mention, so an early visit is imperative.

For Two Weeks Only. This firm are justly famous for their hat salon, and here are to be found many bargains, including the trio sketched at the top of this page. The one on the left, a felt with feathers spotted in gold, is offered at 35s. instead of 45s.; and the velour trimmed with petersham is 23s., formerly 29s. 6d. On the right is a smart little blue fur felt with an appliqued ornament in beige and blue, reduced from 21s. 9d. to 15s. All model hats are greatly reduced, and there are fur felts for sports available for 12s. 9d., and pliable velours in all colours offered at 17s. 6d.

Furs at Bargain Prices. Now is the time to purchase good fur coats for the rest of the winter and the coming year at really

Prices. the coming year at really advantageous prices. For instance, the Persian lamb coat trimmed with natural mink sketched in the centre of this page has been reduced to 59 guineas in the present sale at the City Fur Store, St. Paul's Churchyard, E.C. In the same salons can be found a mink marmot coat offered at 26 guineas instead of: 42 guineas; and another of seal coney trimmed with South American skunk is only 25 guineas, formerely 35 guineas. Coats of French seal coney trimmed with skunk can be secured for 12 guineas instead of 18 guineas; and a really splendid investment is a natural musquash coat available for 35 guineas instead of 49 guineas.



Hand-worked French lawn fashions this charming baby's frock from P. Steinmann and Co., 185, Piccadilly, W., the firm famous for lace.

Fine Lingerie and Lace.

P. W. Steinmann and Co., the famous lace shop of 185, Piccadilly, W., are tholding a sale throughout the whole of January, in which everything in stock is reduced in price. There are beautiful laces of every description, offered in many cases at a third of their value. Lengths ranging



A black velour trimmed with petersham ribbon expresses this becoming hat, which is a bargain in the present sale at D. H. Evans.

in price from a few shillings to as many pounds are available. Children's clothes are also a speciality, and there are charming babies' frocks such as the one pictured on this page, offered at 7s. 6d. instead of 15s. 6d. It is of hand-worked French lawn.



A great prize in the sales to be found at the City Fur Store, St. Paul's Churchyard, E.C. It is of Persian lamb with a natural mink collar.

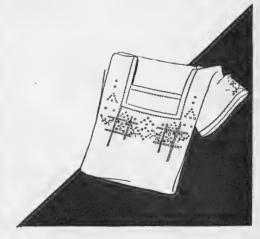


A fascinating "starfish" in beige and blue decorates this little blue fur felt, which is remarkably inexpensive at D. H. Evans.

Amongst the lingerie is the pretty nightie also pictured, of French nainsook, one of many, usually marked from 15s., now ranging from 10s. Crêpe-de-Chine nighties are from 69s. 6d. A leaflet giving many other gilt-edged opportunities will be sent gratis and post free to all who apply mentioning the name of this paper.

No time should be lost A Sale of before visiting Liberty's, of Liberty Regent Street, W., whose Fabrics. sale is now in progress, for many of their beautiful fabrics are being sold at half price. For instance, "Gothic Damask," originally 25s. the yard, is now originally 25s. the yard, is now only 10s. 6d., and cretonnes at 2s. 6d. are now is. 3d. the yard. Cushion square remnants of brocades and damasks range from 2s. each. Then a quantity of Persian rugs, usually 84s., 11os., and 13os., are reduced to 63s. and upwards. The famous Yoru crépe dresses at 2 guineas can now be secured for 27s. 6d.; and there is a selection of satin and cloth cloaks reduced from £5 19s. 6d. to 50s. Dance frocks range from 5 guineas, and the model evening gowns are all offered at greatly reduced

Shoes at 10s. There is always the chance of finding exactly what you want at Manfield's, the famous shoe firm, for shoes from every branch are collected and sold at the Regent Street branch during their present sale. Sports, morning, promenade, and evening shoes are in various groups at 10s., 12s., 15s., and 24s. Extra special bargains are real lizard bar shoes offered at 25s. the pair.



This nightie of hand-worked French nainsook is one of many prizes in lingerie to be found in the present sale at P. Steinmann and Co.



### THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

(Continued from Page 74.)

when she succeeds to Pedro Pablo's cattle estate, the Real de San Eloy, becomes the acl:nowledged queen of that hardy district. She stands out the bolder by contrast with her futile, amiable father, whose life is a long dream of countless pesos which he is always just about to acquire. Marcela proves-for the first time in fiction, so far as I know-that a woman may defend her honour with a pair of scissors. That is the weapon she uses against the amorous bandit, Roque Carpio, when he would do her violence. She jams him in a heavy door, and stabs the veins of his feet with her scissors until he bleeds to death! It sounds crude, but the scene is really psychologically and dramatically effective. So are many of the purely descriptive scenes, such as the fiesta and the cattle round-up; and the death of that memorable old eccentric, Pedro Pablo, is finely done. The style is somewhat clipped. I seem to see this novel as a very exciting and picturesque film, and I venture to cast Dolores del Rio for the part of Marcela.

The Old Order The Far East is not so unfamiliar to fiction as the Changeth. Argentine, but there are many new and interesting elements in "Estore's" volume of adventures and impressions in Mesopotamia and India. Adventure with Arabs," which was a very perilous adventure indeed, has all the thrill of fiction and all the verisimilitude of actual experience. The book is saturated with the spirit of the Orient, and many of the tales are—very effectively—put into the mouths of Arabs and Indians. The writer has a special word for the victims of political change and of the caprices of government; I retain a particularly strong recollection of the sepoy ("A Tragedy") who had to make Leroic choice between the traditions of discipline and persecution by disloyalists. In the same tone is "The Lad of Durham,"

a poignant incident of one of those white castaways who are all too common in India. One of the sketches deals very graphically with the Moplah rebellion, an affair of which "gentlemen in England now abed" have perhaps heard too fragmentary and partial accounts. There is the proper leaven of Oriental occultism in "Gathered Flowers." A varied and interesting collection, though I should say that it is more distinguished by its sincerity than by its literary resources. It is evident that the writer is a firm adherent of the older system, and his general view of "changing India" is represented by this passage-

One must remain in the hope that the men of Britain will keep in remembrance that which was forgotten by a statesman. The Indian agitator must be made aware that the statesman was foreign to British character, and between that statesman and the true Briton the ways divide. (Italics in the original.)

### MOTLEY NOTES.

(Continued from Page 42.)

Member to withdraw the expression "bleed-It is not Parliamentary.

MR. Swipes: Oh, isn't it? Listen to Fat! Listen to Face-grind! What do they care if the worker bleeds? I tell you we're all bleeding! Every one of us on this side of

bleeding! Every one of us on this side of the House is a bleeder! (Government cheers.)

SEVERAL MEMBERS: Good old Bill!

Stick it, Bill! Deal it out to 'em, Bill!

MR. SWIPES: I say this Bill stinks in the nostrils of the country like a Monday morning! Linearly (Lovelton and Johnson) ing's kipper! (Laughter and cheers.) I say it is a deliberate conspiracy by the Government to rob the boiling masses of their trews—I mean the toiling masses of their dues! The gang of skunks who sit there on the Treachery Bench— (Uproar, in which the only remarks audible in the Press Gallery were, "I'll bash your dial for you!" and "You'll cop a woodener in the optic!" and "I'll fetch you a konk on the boko!"

On the restoration of order by a squad of police armed with niblicks, MR. SWIPES resumed)-

We've heard a good deal of yapping about this oozing sore of a Bill from the mangy cur who barked just now. I don't argue with mangy curs when they annoy me: I kick them. (Cheers.) If that tike wants to discuss the matter with me, he can come outside and discuss it with the toe of my boot. (Prolonged cheers.) As for the other speaker, that well-known supporter of the Government, Mr. Judas Iscariot-

THE SPEAKER: Order! Members must not be referred to by their names. The Honourable Member should refer to Mr. Iscariot's constituency.

MR. SWIPES: His constituency is the South-West Division of Hell.

SEVERAL MEMBERS: Order! Order!
MR. SWIPES: The next mutton-headed
gump who says "Order!" to me will get a thick ear!

THE SPEAKER: Order!
MR. SWIPES: Come outside, you!
THE SPEAKER: If the Honourable Member persists in giving me a thick ear, I shall be obliged to name the Honourable Member.

Mr. Swipes: Name? Is that all? I'm pretty handy at names myself. (Cheers.)

It's nearly closing time.

Mr. Swipes: Lead me to it! A double and splash for me! Mr. Speaker, for the reasons I have stated, I am opposed to this stinking Bill. Good night, all. A merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. (MR. SWIPES then left the Chamber.)

No, it is not so polite, but, after all, it passes off quite nicely, except perhaps that Mr. Swipes gets a trifle above himself when he dines the following evening with a Distinguished Member of the Government. ALAN KEMP.



A simple way to stimulate your Overseas Trade

ADVERTISERS in "THE SKETCH" are reminded that "THE SKETCH" enjoys a very large circulation abroad. It is therefore advisable that the advertisements in "THE SKETCH" should contain something in the nature of an Invitation to Overseas Buyers in the form of particulars of special packing for transmission abroad; suitability of the article for use abroad; varieties recommended for specified climates, etc., according to the nature and appeal of the advertised article.



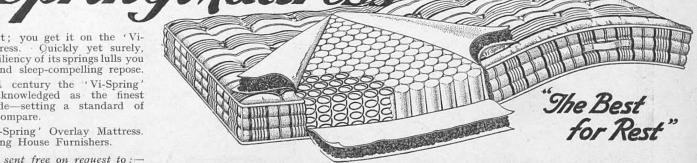
COMFORT BEYOND COMPARE

You go to bed to rest; you get it on the 'Vi-Spring' Overlay Mattress. Quickly yet surely, the unequalled soft resiliency of its springs lulls you into a most restful and sleep-compelling repose.

For a quarter of a century the 'Vi-Spring' Mattress has been acknowledged as the finest Overlay Mattress made—setting a standard of bed comfort beyond compare.

Ask to see the 'Vi-Spring' Overlay Mattress. It is sold by all leading House Furnishers.

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THE MARSHALL PATENT MATTRESS CO., LTD., 61, Vi-Spring Works, Victoria Road, Willesden Junction, N.W.10



BY APPOINTMENT

Before the boys
go back
bring them to
BERNARD
WEATHERILL

The house of Bernard Weatherill Ltd. is particularly well-equipped to look after the requirements of the modern schoolboy. The same tailoring standard which has made this establishment famous amongst discriminating men, characterises the clothing made for the youth, too. Bring them along.

Black Jacket and Striped Trousers .. from 5½ gns.

Overcoats .. from 5 gns.

Lounge Suits from 5 gns.



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BRANCHES AT ASCOT, ALDERSHOT, CAMBERLEY

COMPLETE OUTFITTERS FOR PUBLIC SCHOOLS



Reproduced by courtesy of " The Autocar."

N December 4th, a Singer Junior Sports model, driven by Messrs. E. W. Deeley and E. Wood, made 100 ascents and descents of this West Country terror in under 15 hours, under the Official Observation of the Royal Automobile Club. The car finished this strenuous trial in perfect condition.

This performance was of almost unprecedented severity in regard to the lubrication of the engine, which necessarily ran at high speed and under heavy load, the gradient being about 1 in  $4\frac{1}{2}$ , with two sharp bends. It is noteworthy, therefore, that the lubricant chosen was Wakefield CASTROL XXL—a standard grade—which was bought by the R.A.C. in the open market, and is sold from Wakefield Cabinets at 2/1 per quart.

Make sure of getting the best from your carinsist on Wakefield CASTROL, as recommended by over 230 Leading Motor Manufacturers. Le Chat d'Or

CHOCOLATS



CHOOSE your chocolates as you would choose yourwine. Sample one of your Chocolats Le Chat d'Or. Taste it, enjoy it, revel in it. Then from flavour to flavour go on. Try a rich Jamaica cream centre, or a Malaga Dessert—try a centre of Biscuits Souffles, or of Walnut—or try... but enough; let these captivate you, let them melt in your mouth, let them soothe your tongue with sweet promise of fresh joys to come.

The Oxford and the Cambridge assortments both at 5/- per lb. The Eton and the Harrow both at 4/-perlb. ¶You can buy Chocotats Le Chat d'Or from overalhousand of the best confectioners. If there is not one near you we will send direct, post paid, on receipt of P.O. Please state the name of your usual confectioner.

CHOCOLATS LE CHAT D'OR 62 and 63 Burlington Arcade, London, W.1.

C. C. WAKEFIELD & CO., LTD., All-British Firm, Wakefield House, Cheapside, E.C.2





### City Notes. Finance in a First-Class Carriage.



VER since I was a boy in a bluebutton, I have always wished we could have a bargain sale down here."

The broker waved a hand widely around the basement under the Stock Exchange, where a few clerks moved quietly between the long tables, and a few others chatted less quietly, leaning against the Settlement Department counter, criticising the ways of employers and office-boys.

Each table was furnished with boxes for the reception of "names"—oblong slips of paper upon which are written the name and address of every purchaser of stock, these being passed on Ticket Day, by the buying broker, to the man who sold the stock to him.

The boxes are double-mouthed, opening wards each side of the tables. Wooden towards each side of the tables. forms, like those we remember at our first dame-school, are provided for those who pass the names, and whose energies are heavily taxed to keep up with the names slammed into the boxes at the busy times.

Many, if not most, of the names are passed on to somebody else. From him they go travelling to the next seller. A name may have jumped in and out of a dozen different boxes of buyers and sellers before it subsides finally into the hands of the firm whose client is the actual seller and deliverer of the shares.

The money that appears on a transferdeed is the price paid by the last purchaser, and not that which is realised by the seller. The latter will see how the same shares may have changed hands a dozen, twenty, perhaps a hundred times—at a different price, it is quite probable, with each bargain—so that the consideration money is not in the least likely to be the same amount as the shares realised to the first seller, who is brought into contact, through this passing of names, with the ultimate

buyer.

"If it weren't for these names,"
the broker continued, "the stock and shares would have to pass. You can see what time and trouble this system saves, besides cutting out the risks of

stock getting lost.'

"This is the first time I've what you might call glimpsed your system," said Our Stroller. "One really wants to see all these boxes, and the iron standards with the triple number-plate at each table, and the making-up prices in those panel-frames-

He turned to look at a list of Industrials.

His broker ran off a few of the prices. "That's what you ought to buy," he said confidently, tapping the glass.
"What? Gramophones?"
Not

"Certainly. H.M.V. Not so much for to-day or to-morrow, maybe, but to put on one side until you see twenty bob a share profit.'

"Think I should?"

"I should say there's very little doubt about it. Don't be put off on account of their being heavy shares."
"You're banking on the rumour of an

international gramophone trust?

'I'm banking on the business the Company is doing; and the still greater trade that may come in the new year. This way up.

They ascended a staircase which led into

the Stock Exchange, and found themselves in the Kaffir Market.

Nothing doing, except in those Rhodesian things," was a jobber's answer to the conventional inquiry. "Johnnies? I must just check the price. Oh, an opinion. Well, Johnnies are about the best things here. More of an investment than a mining share, as you know.'

### SHARES MENTIONED IN THESE SURROUNDINGS.

Gramophones. Johnnies. Fords. Marconi. Imperial Chemicals. John I. Jacobs. Home and Colonial. International Tea. Liptons. Maypole Deferred. Rio Tinto. B. C. Power "B."

"They move up and down with dia-onds," remarked the broker. "And Paris," added the dealer. "But monds,'

Johnnies are the sort of thing no man should ever sell unless he wants the cash for something with more kick in it.'

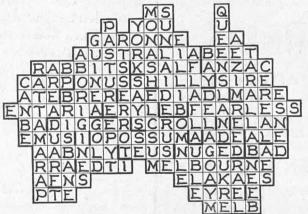
He might get a kick in the face," Our

Stroller suggested.

"Not from these Johnnies. I say, young feller-me-lad"—he turned to the broker— 'I hope you made a fortune out of the Bwanas and Rhodesia Selection Trusts I told you to buy?

"You? I saw the tip in one of the weekly papers, at the end of the pictures. And, like a fool, I didn't buy nearly enough shares.

"So long as you did have some, I don't mind. What I dislike is to see a good tip



THE SOLUTION OF THE CROSS-WORD PUZZLE IN OUR ISSUE OF JANUARY 2.

like that going begging. You had Fords

as well?"
"Very inquisitive, aren't you, for one young?"—and he chuckled quietly to nself. "I applied for Fords: got an allotment of 100, which I sold at fifteensixteenths premium; bought 'em back at 2, turned 'em out one Saturday morning at 25

"Saturday?"

"Yes; over the 'phone from my house. I 've dealt in a lot of Fords on a Saturday morning from home. The contracts go on Monday. It's all right so long as you know the client pretty well.'

"But surely Fords went to a ridiculous price?" said Our Stroller. "They couldn't have been worth it.'

"A thing is worth what it will fetch," declared another broker sententiously. "If the Americans like to pay what seems to us an inflated figure, it isn't for us to say

" Not if we have the shares to supply them with. But I understand that the majority have already been sold to the States.

"And there let them lie—the shares, I mean. The Americans may have the patience to wait for dividends, and they can afford luxuries. So why shouldn't they pay us for them?"

"I reckon there's not the same scope for a rise in prices this year that there was twelve months ago."

"We said precisely the same thing last January, don't you remember? We had a pretty hefty boom amongst Industrials in 'Twenty-seven. Twelve months ago, prices looked pretty high then. And now—"

"It can't go on for ever, even if Tennyson's brook did. Which I always doubted."

You've got a liver, my dear. That's what your trouble is, Go and help your-self to Marconis and Imperial Chemicals deferred; they will be as good as a

My fancy turns to thoughts of shipping." "Let it turn, by all means. But the good things are mostly fairly high already, and the others aren't worth touching."

"That's my trouble, to be candid. I'd like to take a hand in some of the shipping shares."

"That's my weakness now," chanted a jobber. "Why not have a few Jacobs ordinary? I'm told that the dividend due pretty soon is going to be very good."

'Don't know anything about them. Who and what are Jacobs? Do you mean the ladders, or the variegated coats?'

"Facetious, aren't we! Go and ask them in the shipping market, if you don't like to take the tip from me. They'll give you a market slip about the company, and you can read it up

for yourself."
"Home and Colonial Stores, International Teas, and Liptons," Our Stroller overheard a man say with emphasis. "And put Maypole Deferred with them. Follow the bunch, and you'll be asking me, a year hence, for other tips that can be trusted to turn out equally well."
"Why Liptons?"

"Sort of a speculative make-weight, don't you see. You'll have to put them away, of course; but in time you'll come romping home."

"My speculations aren't lucky, as a rule."

"Then don't buy Liptons, because there's no doubt as to their being speculative, and

I've got them myself."
"I stick to Tintos on the price of copper.

Must be cheap, to my mind."
"And I like," said another broker,
"British Columbia Power 'B,' for the

lock-up."
"What?" said Our Stroller to his broker. "Oh, I see. Thank you. Yes; he's coming this way." And he got out of the House just a yard ahead of the Friday, Jan. 4, 1929.